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A MODERN PROMETHEUS DRAMA.

SOON again the *Nobel* prize in literature will be awarded by the Swedish Academy, and speculation is rife as to who will be the happy recipient of the substantial reward and the world-wide fame that will be its corollary.

In Belgium, where a remarkable literary activity has been displayed within the last twenty years, much hope is entertained that one of its writers may be the next laureate. Maeterlinck is already a familiar figure throughout the world, not celebrated, however, as a poet, but as a writer of prose. Another, Iwan Gilkin, though less known outside of the narrow limits of the little country of his birth and activity, where on the other hand he enjoys an enviable reputation, has to his credit works that give him an honorable rank among the foremost of contemporary poets. Few modern productions indeed can compare favorably in extent, beauty, and loftiness of purpose with his *Prométhée*,¹ a dramatic poem of some three thousand verses, crowned in nineteen hundred by the French Academy and, in the opinion of competent judges, undeniably a masterpiece. It is this work which has been admitted in competition by the Nobel committee, and of which I shall attempt to give an idea, imperfect though this attempt must necessarily be.

The Prometheus myth has tempted more than one genius since Aeschylus made it immortal and familiar to all. Calde-

¹*Prométhée*, poème dramatique par Iwan Gilkin in the Collection des Poètes français de l'étranger. Paris: Fischbacher, 1899.

ron treated it; it attracted Goethe in his youth; and his beautiful fragment, a wonderful torso, as it has often been styled, might have become another Faust had not its author decided to abandon it. Among the French, Edgar Quinet composed an epic poem with the same subject; while in England Shelley's bewildering entanglement of lyrical outpourings and philosophical speculation, in which heathen mythology and Christian lore are commingled in a maze of beauty, is more appreciated by the scholar than by the unprepared reader.

Iwan Gilkin's treatment of the old legend has a more modern appearance than any of its predecessors in spite of its almost strict adherence to the ancient data so far as the march of events is concerned. It breathes the restless spirit of the age, the longings of the end-of-the-nineteenth-century mind fed on science and on new philosophies ill-digested; a mind that thinks it can dethrone the Almighty and place Reason on the highest pinnacle of glory, but soon sees the vanity of its attempt, and finally recognizes the beautiful unity of the universe, the interdependence of all things including itself, itself a mere spark of the all-pervading Godhead.

In the opening scene Prometheus, the Titan, is seen surrounded by statues of clay modeled by his hands, and into which he is trying to put the breath of life. Forming men more beautiful than himself after the likeness of the gods—such is his high ambition. But his efforts are constantly baffled. Disappointed and disgusted, he breaks his images and begins his work over again. Day after day he toils thus; day after day he experiences the bitter pangs of his impotence, but day after day the fruitless labor is resumed. His brother, Epimetheus, the faint-hearted, tries to discourage him, and says:

Leave off thy raving, calm thyself,
And check the flight of thy mad dreams.

But Prometheus is no commonplace drudge, no mean spirit that yields to difficulties apparently unsurmountable. The genius within him impels him, and his very pangs of disappointment spur him on.

Thou know'st not what creating means!
The mighty god that shakes the heart of males
Has never made thee feel his call within.
Nor knowest thou what fatal agony
Pierces the quiv'ring breast
And makes the burning temples beat.
O mysteries, O splendors!
Within my being's dark recess ferments
Another world that clamors to be born.
Ah! in the summer twilight hour
When kisses wrapped in mystery pass by,
When like a burning, love-sick youth
The wind caresses low the earth,
Hast thou not felt that souls unknown
Move in thy soul and, trembling, brush
Their conquering wings on the edge of boundless space,
Urged swiftly thither in heroic flight?
Ne'er did'st thou dream of pouring on the world
The impetuous stream of thy life-giving strength;
Thou hast not wept, thou hast not burnt
With longings to embrace the earth
And people her with beings new,
Thy flesh, thy thought, more beautiful,
More proud and looking up to Heaven,
Not unlike us, but equal to the gods.

This is the old Prometheus as we know him from the Greek myth, the man-creating genius who feels the divine spark within him and craves to materialize it without into beautiful, living works.

Next, we have the modernized Titan, the poetic and philosophic disciple of Darwin and the evolutionists.

What was my being then?
Alas! how could I tell?
Perhaps my energy
Of yore was prison-bound
Within thy moldy rocks
By sun and lightning scorched;
Perhaps it floated with the bitter foam
And clang to giant seaweeds.
Maybe it bloomed on swampy wastes
Or crawled o'er spongy forest soil,
A scaly brute with snapping jaw,
A desert lion or a fleeing fawn,
An eagle shooting from the angry sky.
I may have been all that and more,

But a perpetual travail
Has ceaseless urged me on and on
From forms in which I dwelt
To new ones evermore;
So slow, so sluggish in my change
Unnoticed by the eye,
For centuries uncountable
On endless transformation's scale.
Despite the helpless gods,
I rose from plane to plane.
Thus grew before my clearer sight
The grander forms which light assumes,
Imperfect yet, alas, how much!
But perfect in my dreams,
And pure in my desires.
And this is why I wish to shape
The man divine prefigured in my breast.

With the help of Minerva and of love, life is infused into the statues in disobedience to the will of Zeus. I shall not attempt the translation of any parts of this scene. My desire to render the airy grace and charm of this whole conception would be futile. Pandora, the beautiful Pandora, is the first to respond to the call of love. When Minerva responds to the agony of despairing Prometheus, she utters these pregnant words, "All life is love," and disappears. But Prometheus is full of love, even toward his inanimate clay statues. "Have I not loved to the depth of suffering? . . . Such as my toils have made thee, O my Pandora, I adore thee! Stay as thou art, I love thee for thyself, for all the sweetness I have put in thy bosom, for thy beauty which comes from my hands, for what shines on thy brow of my divine dream." And gradually she takes on life; love has kindled the slumbering spark which the divine artist had put into her: "O light—O blessed day! And thou who drew me out of the shadow of nothingness, Father, receive a kiss from thy child." These are the first words uttered by the newborn Pandora; and when in their supreme happiness they sing a duo of love and gratitude all the statues become animate and join in a chorus celebrating the glories of light and life.

No sooner is the world peopled with young mortals than their troubles and sufferings begin. They are helpless and without guidance. Night, wild animals, the elements—all combine to spread terror and disaster among them, and they themselves become like brutes of the forest. Filled with love, anguish, and pity for his offspring, Prometheus, again with Minerva's aid, discovers fire and gives it to his children, who now learn the arts and trades and become powerful. Soon, however, they disappoint him most cruelly. Men treat him with ingratitude and drive him from among them. He has made them, given them fire and light, taught them the arts and sciences, built cities for them, put them on the road to progress; but they will not understand him. Prometheus believes it all to be the doings of Zeus; he believes his children to be the victims of heavenly machinations, and blasphemes more than ever. Mercury visits him, shows him the baseness of mankind, and offers to avert the wrath from on high if he will take back his benefits, undo his work, and let man, the heartless Philistine, sink back into barbarity. His offer is scorned with insults. Nemesis, relentless Fate, demands punishment for the proud Titan unless he bends his neck and undoes what he has accomplished. But he unflinchingly meets his destiny, challenging the whole Olympus, defying the king of the gods himself.

He is chained to a rock where the Furies will torture him and the eagle of Jove will daily tear out his liver. Meanwhile, Zeus smiles and pities his beloved, headstrong son. The punishment he has decreed is cruel, but necessary, and it grieves him because the Titan is part of himself. And then follows that grand soliloquy he utters, majestic words that roll like broad, slow thunder waves across the universe. It is the culmination of this great poetical work, two pages that rank among the most beautiful that French poetry can boast of. How powerless my poor translation is to convey anything like the impression produced by the original, sonorous, melodious, pathetic, and lofty verses!

Poor wretch, who in thy chains
 Dost rave against me and blaspheme!
 Methinkest thou, Titan, to brave,
 And yet thou'rt naught but part of me.
 Thy bold, rebellious heart,
 Thy burning, generous soul—
 What are they but my will,
 My own adventurous might?
 I am the universe, I am the sky
 Dotted with undreamed worlds and unknown stars,
 And grander suns than all the starry space
 In whose vast depth thy feeble sight is lost.
 I am the plants, the animals, the sea,
 I am the earth that sails through shoreless air,
 Night's mystic shadows and day's golden light.
 I am the world, I am the myriad worlds,
 The grain of dust upon the north wind's wing,
 And I am teeming life and rigid death.
 I am the fallen fruit, the outspread wing,
 The jaw that crushes, and the fleeting prey.

I am what is, what was, and what shall be.
 Alone above all things I am the One;
 All springs from me, all must return to me,
 I am all that which is, it's end and law
 Under the changing veil of idle seeming
 In which alone I recognize my essence.
 A speck of foam upon the sea, thou art,
 O Titan, a mere reflection of myself.
 Thy stolen fire, 'tis I; thy somber lips
 Reviling me, 'tis I; the very air
 That answers to thy voice, 'tis I; mankind—
 Yea, and thy hands that shaped them—still 'tis I.
 And the divinities that lust for blood,
 Who on the icy side of horrible rocks
 For centuries of torture fasten thee;
 The hungry vulture that shall gnaw thy heart,
 The rock, thy flesh, 'tis I, 'tis ever I.

God alone exists in this system, but it is a peculiar divinity; it is not the god of Abraham, the one absolutely and infinitely perfect *spirit*, who is the Creator of all things; it is not the god of Descartes, a "*substance* infinite, independent, all-knowing, by which I myself and every other thing existing, *if any such be*, were created;" it is the pantheistic god of Spinoza, "the substance of all things as the infinite unity." However, it is

a pantheism tinged with materialistic monism as laid down in Haeckel's "Evolution of Man," which rejects all dualistic conceptions and holds that force can as little exist without matter as matter without force, and this is perhaps the philosophic leaning of most modern scientists.

Jove's beautiful soliloquy, of which I can give only a part, ends with the significant words:

I love thee, proud Titan, loving myself;
I am thy being and thy nothingness;
Some day thou'lt find me in thy very self.

This is the turning point, and indicates already the solution of the drama as in Faust's prologue the words spoken by the Lord to the tempting Devil—

Then stand abashed, when thou art forced to say:
A good man, through obscurest aspiration,
Has still an instinct of the one true way—

give us the assurance that, in spite of all, Faust will be saved.

Aeschylus makes his hero disappear in the turmoil of a tempest. Shelley, following another tradition, dethrones Zeus and unchains the Titan. Both solutions bring in the *deus ex machina*, familiar to classic drama and even admissible in modern dramatic productions where supernatural personages are brought into play. But either dénouement failed to appeal to Gilkin. Besides being too easy, it was not in keeping with the underlying purpose, and would have missed the high moral significance to be conveyed. Prometheus was to find God "in his very self." He discovers the truth, or rather the vanity of his noble conceit. His sufferings have chastened his soul; his struggles have cleared his mind's vision and revealed to him the wonderful unity of all existing things, their oneness with the great universal principle—God. His titanic yearnings after the highest good were precisely the divine element in him; his creative impulses a God-given force only now recognized as such.

Faust too is a Prometheus, and goes through similar sufferings and frettings against the bonds placed round the soul of man. He too sins and blasphemes. The whole early

part of Goethe's life was Promethean in its ambitions, disappointments, protests, until finally it reached lofty heights where calm and serenity reigned. Earth for Faust and for Prometheus is their purgatory, so to speak. In the crucible of labor and suffering the impurities are burned out of their souls, and what remains is God or part of God, the highest good.

In Prometheus's heart hatred suddenly gives way to burning love for his God, the gnashing of teeth to the smile of happiness and sweet repose in the bosom of mother nature or, which is the same in this system of theology, in the bosom of God. After the last frightful curses a tremendous tempest, shaking heaven and earth, breaks loose. An avalanche of fire rolls down upon the sufferer. The rock splits and his body is torn and racked. The shadows gather round his brain. It is the final struggle, the coming of the end, the dawn of deliverance. After the storm has subsided, the sphinx appears and speaks consoling words. Sorrow is exalted as the sister of happiness, both peopling the mind with images which become ideas. Sorrow protects life by developing subtle instincts that foresee and avoid evil. Sorrow is the holy march of the selected souls to God.

A sweet calm descends as dew upon his spirit, and the reconciliation is complete:

The world is now but one caress,
A tenderness divine flows from all things
Like sweetest perfume from the rose.

I am all love, my life a kiss
That floats with light through heav'n and earth.

And further:

I've seen the night in which we grope,
And found thee; nothing severs us henceforth,
All that was I now dies and melts in thee.

His last pathetic words are:

All vanishes; . . . be blest, it is the end,
It is the kiss of God the world calls death;
O Zeus, thy exile son returneth to thy bosom.

The close is formed by a short *chorus angelorum*, in which the Trinity of God is sung, God both one and several, Father in his fecundity, Son in his metamorphosis, returning to Unity through the spirit of love and truth.

Prometheus is the creative genius and the rebel. He is the poet, the painter, the sculptor, the scientist, the man that thinks, feels, hopes, and despairs, the man that carries within his breast images of beauty struggling to be born, but in vain. He is the idealist. Our Prometheus is far more symbolical than the simple Titan of antiquity, for he represents the modern spirit so complex who has thrown overboard the wisdom of ages and hopes through new means to solve the riddle of creation that stands as a sphinx on the threshold of eternity. He thinks he can dethrone the God of centuries and pities the children of man—that is, the majority of mankind—because they are still plunged in darkness and do not see the light that he perceives, that he has helped to rob from heaven. He has set machinery in motion; he has connected continents; he has unraveled the mysteries of birth, life, growth, death, and regeneration. Why should he believe in the fables of Jove, Jehova, Vishnu, or Varuna, whose reign of darkness he will soon dispel?

The world is full of god-conquering youths who in the first glory of their newly acquired intellectual strength boast that they will overthrow all tradition and lead the world on to a new light because, forsooth, they have seized the first glimmer of what may be after all but a delusion or a mere will-o'-the-wisp. But they are youths, and their immoderate ardor is but the expression of the glorious life that bubbles in them, that prompts them to great actions, even unto the impossible. Disillusion, disappointment, a contact with life's suffering, a clearer insight into human nature and a truer understanding of human weakness and of the limitations that beset us on all hands soon bring them back to soberer moods—too sober, alas! too deprived of that generous enthusiasm, the memory of which makes us all look back with longing to days gone by.

Iwan Gilkin has also had his Promethean period. As one of the leaders of young literary Belgium he has had idols to break and new standards to set up in the heart of surroundings that were not always congenial. Among the young rebels of this revolutionary period, which was not always free from excesses, many a fine mind lost its bearings, many a one to whom one might fitly apply Goethe's celebrated words: *Er wusste sich nicht zu zähmen, darum zerran ihm sein Leben wie sein Dichten*. He knew not how to tame himself, and therefore he lost his life and his song. To some such crises are wholesome; for they may be the wild oats of genius, and they who emerge from them unscathed are often the strong and chastened minds. They may have left in the fray some of their ardor and illusions; their mental make-up and their religious creeds alike may have undergone a spiritual metamorphosis, or shall we call it evolution? At all events, greater strength, breadth, and depth are generally the reward of the victorious ones.

Those who are acquainted with Mr. Gilkin's previous works, especially with "Damnation of the Artist," "Satan," and "Darkness"¹ cannot help noticing the remarkable difference between them and his "Prometheus." I extract from an article entitled *Il Satanismo nella Letteratura belga* by Rosalia Jacobsen, in the *Rassegna Internazionale* of Rome (October 15, 1902), the following biographical details:

Iwan Gilkin was born in Brussels in the year 1858. His father was a Walloon (French-speaking Belgian), his mother a Fleming (Dutch-speaking Belgian). He received his first education in the Catholic institute of St. Louis. In 1879 he attended the University of Louvain, where he took the degree of Doctor in Law. However, he preferred to his studies the company of the young intellectuals of his time and the pursuit of literature. The poets who most influenced him in his youth were Aeschylus, Shakespeare, Goethe, Victor

¹ The three published in one volume by Fischbacker, Paris, 1897, under the title of *La Nuit* (night).

Hugo, Leconte de Lisle, and later and more powerfully Baudelaire.

Insignificant as these few dry facts may appear, and although I cannot discuss here the influences that contributed toward making our poet what he is, I may state that they throw a remarkable light upon the nature of his literary productions. The Germanic element in his make-up accounts easily for his depth of feeling, tendency to introspection so powerfully evinced in the above-mentioned trilogy, gloomy and morbid as is his model Baudelaire, and for his leaning toward metaphysical speculation characteristic of his Prometheus. From his father, the French factor, he inherits his love for form. This explains his adherence to the literary credo of the Parnassians, whose eye for formal beauty, wealth of color, and correctness of verse and rhetorical figure he possesses, but whose frigid beauty he warms up with the fire of his emotional nature. And note that it is precisely this elegance of form which pure Flemings like Rodenbach and Verhaeren are unable to appreciate, but which Gilkin shares with all the French-speaking Belgians—Valère Gille, Albert Giraud, Fernand Séverin, and others less known.

Gilkin's dual origin, Germanic and French, and his education in a country where the two elements are thrown into the closest contact, so as to appear almost blended, will easily explain how two geniuses so antipodal in some respects as Victor Hugo and Leconte de Lisle could attract and influence him so powerfully, how he could combine the wonderful lyricism of the one with the perfect self-control of the other; how an almost cynical impassiveness pervades his Satanic poems, where the human passions are laid bare in all their nakedness and ugliness, brought, so to speak, under the physician's knife, and described without pity but in a language rich in color and true in all its shades; how finally in *Prométhée* this perfection of language and imagery is mingled with a continuous flow of communicative emotion, without ever going into mad flights or losing itself in the uncomprehensible or the irrational, as is not unfrequently the case with the greatest of French lyrics.

J. L. BORGERHOFF.

The University of Chicago.

WHAT BECOMES OF OUR TRADE BALANCES?

THE peculiar financial conditions which have prevailed here in the United States during the past two years have led to a renewal of the discussion regarding the disappearance of our foreign trade balances. The astonishing growth of our foreign commerce since 1897 gave much encouragement to the belief that we were about entering upon a career of great financial prosperity. This belief was greatly strengthened by the placing of certain foreign bonds at home, and also by the claim that we were lending abroad some of the millions due on our trade balances.

These flattering views of the problem have been much exploited by stock boomers and promoters, as affording conclusive proof that we were rapidly changing from a debtor to a creditor nation, with New York as the world's money center. In the newspapers and magazines, optimistic writers have vied with each other in picturing the representatives of the impoverished nations of Europe standing, cap in hand, before our American bankers, begging for the loan of a few millions to keep the wolf from the door. One of these enthusiasts, Mr. Charles R. Flint, in the *North American Review* of March, 1901, pitches his song of triumph in this key: "In other words, we are paying our way as we go, living on the best, spending all the money we want for luxuries, and still laying by, for a rainy day, like the thrifty Yankees that we are, at the rate of \$54,000,000 a month, \$13,000,000 a week, nearly \$2,000,000 a day, \$80,000 an hour. Every time the minute hand ticks a surplus reserve of \$1,300 is posted to Uncle Sam's credit in the books of the world, after he has paid everything he owes to the world."

The confiding souls who had pinned their faith to these alluring pictures must have been rudely shocked by the revelations of the past few months. From these revelations it

appears that, so far from having a surplus reserve of \$1,300 posted to his credit in the books of the world at every tick of the clock, poor old Uncle Sam has not saved enough to meet current expenses. Instead of laying by \$54,000,000 a month, our American bankers have been scurrying all over Europe to borrow funds to avert disastrous panics in the stock and money markets. Furthermore, instead of New York's becoming the "world's financial center," it might truthfully be called the "world's begging center;" for it has earned this unique distinction by having borrowed more money in the past two years than any other city ever did before in a similar period. About June 1, 1902, Charles C. Schumacher, the well-known foreign exchange expert, estimated these foreign borrowings at \$500,000,000. (This estimate has since been confirmed by other experts.)

These peculiar conditions have led people to ask: "What becomes of our trade balances? Why is it that after five years of the most prosperous foreign trade in our history we should be more heavily indebted to foreign countries than ever before? Instead of having to borrow these immense sums from foreigners, why do we not get cash from them in settlement of our balances?"

The current answer to these questions is that one part of these balances (usually estimated at from \$150,000,000 to \$250,000,000) goes to offset our annual foreign debts for interest dues, tourists' expenses, freights, etc., and that the remainder is used to finance American enterprises abroad, and to repurchase securities returned by foreign investors. As this last item is supposed to be the chief factor in the matter, I propose to consider it first.

Although the belief in this immense foreign liquidation of our securities originated among leading bankers and stock operators who are supposed to have some definite information on the subject, they are very backward in giving this information to the public. In his article on the "Commercial Invasion of Europe," in *Scribner's Magazine* (January, 1902), Frank A. Vanderlip estimates that in the preceding four years

we repurchased about \$1,200,000,000 worth of securities; but what stocks they were, who sold them, or who bought them, is as profound a mystery to him as it is to all the rest of the world.

Of all the numerous advocates of this theory, Mr. N. T. Bacon is the only one who has even attempted to give any details on the subject. This writer estimates that from July 1, 1899, to December 31, 1901, we repurchased \$525,000,000 worth of securities. This includes \$125,000,000 worth of stocks of the Northern Pacific, Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul, and Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy railroads that were bought in 1900 and 1901. In regard to the remaining \$400,000,000 worth of stocks which, it is claimed, were repurchased in this period, Mr. Bacon appears to be in utter darkness. Here is his exceedingly lucid explanation of this part of the problem: "There has been a general tendency to a pronounced decrease in foreign holdings in spite of some increases in capitalization, and probably it will be safe to say that enough of these have come back from Europe, and at exaggerated prices, due to our boom, to make up the difference not otherwise appearing in this account—namely, about \$400,000,000, or \$160,000,000 a year." And this is all the evidence that has ever been brought forward to substantiate the numerous claims of this immense foreign liquidation.

That foreigners have in recent years parted with some of their American holdings is undoubtedly true. But what we want to know is, have these sales exceeded the new investments, and if so, has this excess amounted to between \$200,000,000 and \$300,000,000 a year? To these very essential questions we get no answer except the one just noted.

Now the only real unbiased authority on this subject that I can find is the reports of foreign dealings in our properties on the New York Stock Exchange and elsewhere. These reports are published in the newspapers; and although stock boomers, promoters, and other exploiters of the current theory may see fit to ignore them, they nevertheless constitute by far the most complete and authoritative evidence on

this question that has yet been given to the public. On turning to this new source of information, we find, to our no small surprise, that instead of there having been this immense liquidation, there was a vast increase of foreign investments here in every year of this period.

The transactions on the Stock Exchange by months in this period of four years were as follows:

Foreign dealings in American Stocks during the years 1898, 1899, 1900, and 1901:

1898.	Excess of Purchases. Shares.	Excess of Sales. Shares.
January.....	114,000	
February.....	280,000	
March.....	95,000	
April.....		40,000
May.....		136,000
June.....		6,000
July.....	14,000	
August.....		65,000
September.....	122,000	
October.....		91,000
November.....	30,000	
December.....	199,000	
Net excess of purchases.....		516,000
	854,000	854,000
1899.		
January.....		333,000
February.....	120,000	
March.....		51,000
April.....	28,000	
May.....	303,000	
June.....	72,000	
July.....	6,000	
August.....	109,000	
September.....		52,000
October.....	94,000	
November.....	197,000	
December.....	57,000	
Net excess of purchases.....		550,000
	986,000	986,000

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	Excess of Purchases. Shares.	Excess of Sales. Shares.
1900.		
January.....		51,000
February.....	184,000	
March.....	418,000	
April.....	198,000	
May.....	136,000	
June.....	92,000	
July.....		77,000
August.....	31,000	
September.....	114,000	
October.....		55,000
November.....		73,000
December.....	381,000	
Net excess of purchases.....		1,298,000
	1,554,000	1,554,000
1901.		
January.....	372,000	
February.....	155,000	
March.....	244,000	
April.....	505,000	
May.....	110,000	
June.....	39,000	
July.....	59,000	
August.....	272,000	
September.....		35,000
October.....		164,000
November.....		86,000
December.....		38,000
Net excess of purchases.....		1,433,000
	1,756,000	1,756,000

(In a former article, the net excess of purchases during 1901 was placed at 1,080,000 shares: it should have been 1,433,000 shares, as given above.)

Here, then, we find that in these four years the purchases of our stocks for foreign account have exceeded the sales by some 3,743,000 shares. In other words, instead of dumping over \$1,200,000,000 worth of stocks on our market, as Mr. Vanderlip and many others claim, it appears that the thirty foreigners have in these four years gobbled up about \$250,000,000 worth more. Small wonder it is that there should be this quiet understanding among stock boomers and optimistic trade balance experts to treat these records with silent contempt.

It has been urged that these records are not trustworthy; that they are only rough estimates, and that they take no account of the transactions of international bankers and others outside of Wall Street. In reply to these objections I may say, first, that the records were taken mostly from the New York *Evening Post*. In a few instances where that paper failed to give definite information recourse was had to the *Evening Sun*, *Press*, *Times*, and other New York papers. It is true that the figures are only estimates, but when it is seen that in most cases the estimates of three or four papers pretty nearly agree, it is fair to assume that the figures are approximately correct. If it were true, as Mr. Vanderlip asserts, that \$1,200,000,000 worth of stocks were returned in this period, it is hard to believe that the *Post* could have made such a horrible mess of it as to report that there was an excess of purchases amounting to nearly four million shares.

In its issue of February 26, 1902, the *Times* publishes this statement: "It is said by prominent foreign exchange experts that, even should gold go out, it is unlikely that it will be in any considerable volume, for the reason that the present strength of sterling and the urgent demand for bills are due to the large sales of American stocks by London since the announcement of the Administration's contemplated action in the Northern Securities matter. These sales now total about 120,000 shares." An examination of the market reports of the *Times* for the period mentioned shows that 120,000 shares of stocks were sold for foreign account on the Stock Exchange. Similar statements might be quoted from every one of the leading newspapers, showing that these records are generally regarded as pretty good authority in this matter. However, it is not necessary to prove that these records are even approximately correct. If they are within a mile of it—that is to say, if foreigners bought only a dozen shares more than they sold, instead of nearly four millions—it would be sufficient to condemn this current theory.

It has been claimed that these records take no account of dealings on direct orders, or the dealings in our securities on the London Exchange. But investigation shows that such

transactions are generally of the same character as those on the New York Stock Exchange.

But, it will be asked, is it not possible that this liquidation may have taken place outside of Wall Street? As an answer to this, it can be said that all the reports we get of such outside transactions of international bankers and others furnish a more complete refutation of this liquidation theory than the records of the Stock Exchange. For these reports are all of new investments of foreign capital. There are no reports that I can find of foreign liquidation of our securities outside of Wall Street. Here is a list of these transactions copied from the *Press*, *Sun*, *Times*, and other New York papers:

FOREIGN TRANSACTIONS OUTSIDE OF STOCK EXCHANGE.

In 1898, \$6,000,000 worth of Reading railroad bonds, by an English syndicate; 50,000 shares of Erie, first preferred; \$52,000,000 worth of New York Central stock; 30,000 shares of Northern Pacific; a big block of Pittsburg and Western 4's, marketed in London; and \$10,000,000 worth of Southern Pacific bonds disposed of by Speyer Brothers, of London. In 1899, 10,000 shares of People's Gas Company, of Chicago, and the New Jersey Glass Works (capital, \$30,000,000) sold to Englishmen; Independence Gold Mine and Rob Roy Gold Mine sold in London for \$12,000,000; 50,000 shares of railroad stocks bought in open market for London account by Speyer & Co. In 1900 Speyer Brothers, of London, bought \$8,600,000 worth of stocks, and Kuhn, Loeb & Co. bought \$35,000,000 worth of Third Avenue railroad bonds. In 1901, spool thread companies absorbed by English capital, \$68,000,000; Cramp's shipbuilding plant absorbed by an English company, and \$35,000,000 worth of St. Louis & San Francisco railroad bonds bought by J. & W. Seligman; and \$50,000,000 worth of United States steel sold abroad.

This, however, is only a partial list. It does not include a tithe of the vast amounts of foreign capital that has gone into J. P. Morgan's numerous ventures. The exploiters of the current theory will have it that this ubiquitous individual is indulging his earth-acquiring propensities with none but American capital. But we know better than that. Besides being an international banker, Mr. Morgan is also a promoter, and it is in this latter character that he has attained his greatest distinction. During the last twenty years it is safe to say that he has invested more foreign capital here than all the other promoters put together. In the market reports one

may frequently see such items as the following: "London again was a large buyer of stocks, houses close to J. P. Morgan being among the chief purchasers" (*Times*, September 5, 1901). Mr. W. C. Hudson, in his article on "Financial Leaders" in the Brooklyn *Eagle*, thus describes Mr. Morgan: "He sits in the boards of directors of the various railway companies controlled by the Vanderbilt group, not for the purposes of observation, but as the financial agent of the Vanderbilt interests and as the representative of foreign investments." This describes the great promoter exactly. He is the representative of foreign investments in pretty much all of the undertakings with which his name is identified. It is for this reason and no other that English investors have insured his life for \$20,000,000, a greater distinction than they ever before conferred on any individual.

Speaking of foreign investments, the *Bankers' Magazine* for July, 1902, says: "One reason, perhaps, of the successful wielding of capital here in the consolidation of great industrial interests has been the cessation of speculation in Europe. There is every reason to believe that much foreign capital has been used in the great operations of J. P. Morgan." This is unquestionably true; foreign capital has played a far more important part in the formation of all our great trusts and corporations than people have any idea of.

A great deal of this foreign money doubtless went into Mr. Morgan's ventures in 1900—most of it, perhaps, in United States Steel. Mr. Bacon appears to know of only \$10,000,000 that went into this concern. But, as usual, he is below the mark. When the vote was taken on the proposed \$200,000,000 bond issue, the largest blocks of stock were voted by foreigners. The value of these stocks amounted to about \$50,000,000. But this does not represent all the foreign capital invested in this giant trust. Besides the stocks just mentioned that were sold in blocks to foreign syndicates, a great many shares were sold in the London Stock Exchange. In 1901 an English authority stated that "more British capital had gone into U. S. Steel than had ever before been invested in any foreign industrial stocks." It is not

necessary, however, to indulge in any guesswork as to how much foreign money is being invested here by J. P. Morgan, Kuhn, Loeb & Co., Speyer Brothers, J. & W. Seligman, August Belmont, and other big bankers and promoters. It is only necessary to emphasize the fact that there is no record to be found of any outside liquidations to offset these outside purchases. Whenever there has been any considerable investments of foreign capital here, the enterprising Wall Street news agents are sure to get wind of it. Thus, in its issue of November 18, 1899, the *Press* reports that "A large amount of railroad securities has already been sent to Europe, and the aggregate which will be so forwarded by the end of next week will not be far from 200,000 shares, representing a par value of \$20,000,000." As there was an excess of purchases of 197,000 shares for foreign account on the Stock Exchange that month, this report is evidently not far from the truth. Now, if there had been a counter movement of stocks that year amounting to say \$250,000,000, it is morally certain that the newspapers would have had some knowledge of the fact.

The only reported sales in the period treated by Mr. Bacon are those on account of the Northern Pacific contest. But as he cannot prove that Mr. Morgan and Kuhn, Loeb & Co. used the money of American investors in their purchases, and it is not likely that they did, his estimate amounts to nothing. Granting, however, that the money used in the transaction did belong to American investors, the foreign sales were more than offset by foreign purchases on the Stock Exchange, to say nothing about the outside transactions.

In spite of all this evidence to the contrary, however, we are expected to believe that this current theory must be true because it is indorsed by the international bankers. Stock Exchange records, reports of outside transactions, and other facts count for nothing against the mere say-so of parties who are never willing to have their names published. For it is a fact that up to the present time not a solitary one of these bankers has come out publicly and affirmed that his house has, in this period, sold more stocks for foreign account than it has bought. Some years ago the editor of the *Financial*

Chronicle sent out ten letters to as many different bankers (no names given) requesting information on this subject. One banker failed to reply; eight said they had no time to examine their books, but still they believed that there had been considerable liquidation; the tenth said he had made a hasty examination of his books, and they showed a slight excess of purchases for foreign account, but still he was convinced that the experience of other houses would show that there had been considerable foreign liquidation. If there has ever been any more successful attempt to coax definite information out of these parties, it has escaped my notice. The fact is that since these international bankers have branched out as railway magnates, stock jobbers, and promoters, they have become just as unreliable and just as fond of propagating cock-and-bull stories as any other class of stock boomers.

As early as 1897, according to newspapers, these bankers claimed that Europe was about sold out of American stocks. In its issue of July 31, 1897, the *Evening Sun* stated that "As to the location of our stocks, Europe has been bought to a standstill. It has sold American stocks ever since the Baring panic, until it now holds probably a smaller amount than at any time in the last ten years." In its issue of May 22, 1898, the *Times* said: "Europe cannot pay us in stocks, because she has not got them." Two years later the London correspondent of the *Times* (December 5, 1890) claimed that English investors had returned \$750,000,000 worth of our stocks since the beginning of 1898. When Mr. Bacon was in Germany in 1900 the bankers there assured him that Germany's American holdings did not exceed \$200,000,000; and Mr. Vanderlip, in his Wilmington address, claimed that as a result of our high prices the continent was swept almost clean of our stocks, and the holdings of English investors greatly reduced. Yet, according to Consul General Guenther's report to the State Department, May, 1900, German investments in this country amounted to fully \$1,000,000,000. Mr. Bacon estimates the French investments here at \$50,000,000; while a report of the French government in 1902 puts them at \$120,-

000,000. In its issue of January 7, 1901, the *Times* stated that "One fact very clear to the bankers is that Europe has stopped sending back American stocks, having practically no further deliverable supply. Large volumes of our securities are of course held abroad, but speculative holdings have been liquidated." But the fact that, three months later in the last year of this four years' liquidation, English investors insured Mr. Morgan's life for \$20,000,000, proves very clearly that neither Mr. Vanderlip nor these other bankers knew anything about the matter.

If there really had been this enormous liquidation in railroad securities, its effect would certainly be seen in the retirement of international bankers and their representatives from the control of our railroads; but instead, we find the representatives of J. P. Morgan, Kuhn, Loeb & Co., Speyer & Co., J. & W. Seligman, and August Belmont more prominent than ever before in the control of these properties.

From 1897 up to the early part of 1901, this current theory was based on the claim that Europe returned these securities because she could not settle her trade balances with us in cash. But a glance at the facts proves that this claim was a bare-faced fraud. Europe had money enough for home needs, and millions to spare for investment abroad. The state of the foreign money market in the first year of this period is plainly indicated by the fact that in November, 1898, an issue of Southern Pacific bonds (\$10,000,000) floated by Speyer & Co., was oversubscribed six times—\$20,000,000 in London, \$20,000,000 in Amsterdam, \$20,000,000 in Berlin. Besides this, the reports show that about \$70,000,000 worth of other stocks was sold abroad that year. In 1899 the *Times* of June 5 stated that money in London was abundant at moderate rates; besides subscribing for several foreign loans, English investors were then buying many American securities. But the clearest proof of the audacity of this claim is to be found in the following statement from the *Evening Post* of September 21, 1899: "On the Stock Exchange there were heavy loans by foreign banking houses. Kuhn, Loeb & Co., placed about \$4,000,000; I. S. Wormser, \$2,000,000; Speyer & Co., Heidel-

back, Ickelheimer & Co., Lazard Freres, and J. & W. Seligman also loaned large amounts." Similar statements appeared in the same paper several times that year. On the other hand, the money market here was very tight from March, 1899, to December, when Wall Street experienced the most severe one-day financial panic in its history. In 1900 money was plentiful in Europe, as is proved by the oversubscriptions to the numerous loans brought out there—the British war loan of \$150,000,000 was oversubscribed ten times—and also by her heavy purchases of stock in this market on the Stock Exchange. But the press reports show that there was not a whole month in the year when our market was wholly free from fears of stringency. Thus the *Press* of June 20, 1900, stated that "Should derangement of the money market be threatened at any time by the reason of exports of gold or because of other events, relief could be most readily afforded through the purchase of bonds." In the latter part of that year there was a decided stringency in the money market, and call money went up to 20 per cent. In 1901 the financial condition was much worse. Money began to get tight in March, and it kept growing tighter to the end of the year. In its weekly article on the financial situation the *Sun* of October 7, 1901, said: "It is now manifest that only the bond purchases of Secretary Gage averted a money panic of the first dimensions in the business world."

Another claim that had been much exploited at different times since the beginning of 1899 was that we were lending abroad a good part of the money due on these balances. In February, 1899, these loans were estimated at about \$100,000,000. Early in 1901 the *Times* estimated them at "several hundred million dollars." At that time this claim was much exploited in Wall Street; in fact it constituted the chief bull argument in favor of the great boom in prices which took place about that time. "What better proof," it was said, "could there be than this, that we were changing from a debtor to a creditor nation, with New York as the world's money center?"

This sublime faith in our financial greatness continued to

prevail until after the panic, when it was rudely shaken by a dispatch from the Paris correspondent of the *Evening Post* (May 22, 1901), which stated that, instead of lending these vast sums to Europe, we were at that time heavily indebted to her. Two days later the *Post* published another dispatch, from its London correspondent, contradicting what the Paris correspondent had said and claiming that Europe was still indebted to us. On the same day, however, the *Sun* (May 24) published a statement from foreign bankers here fully confirming all that the *Post's* Paris correspondent had said on the subject. The *Sun* said: "Important banking interests in this city admitted yesterday that the belief that has generally obtained that the United States has at the present moment a great international credit balance—that is, a great mass of debt owed to this country by Europe—is *not well founded*. As a matter of fact, the United States is at this time in reality, through the operations of the foreign exchange market, borrowing from Europe, although this debt will be settled later in the season, when our grain and cotton crops are shipped abroad." (The prediction that this debt would be liquidated by grain and cotton shipments later on proved to be another glaring miscalculation of the foreign bankers, for when the export season was over this foreign debt was larger than ever before.)

The *Sun* tried to break the force of this somewhat belated admission by referring to the claim that we were lending money abroad as "a popular misunderstanding." But this phrase conveys a false idea of its origin. The claim was not originated by obscure or irresponsible parties; it came forth with the positive indorsement of prominent bankers, treasury officials, and leading newspapers, including the *Sun* itself. Among its most conspicuous indorsers were Secretary Gage, Chauncey M. Depew, James H. Eckels, T. L. James, President of the Lincoln National Bank, Henry Clews, Vice President Fahnstock, of the First National Bank, who boasted that we had "money to burn," Charles R. Flint, and George E. Roberts, Director of the Mint. In an address before the Bankers' Club, of Chicago, March, 1901, Mr. Roberts said that "Our

trade balances are so large that to attempt to collect them in cash would ruin our customers. A nation with power to amass such credits becomes of necessity an *investor* in all parts of the world." What must people have thought when they learned from the *Sun's* admission that all this was sheer rot and humbug, that Europe did not owe us a dollar, that instead of playing the part of Shylock among nations, we were at that time borrowing these enormous sums from foreign bankers?

It is quite probable that some of those who exploited this claim honestly believed in it; but the foreign bankers who were lending these immense sums here cannot make that excuse. They knew that the claim was false. They knew, too, that all the talk about Europe's being unable to settle her balances in cash was equally false. And yet they allowed both falsehoods to be exploited for stock-jobbing purposes without making any effort to undeceive the public.

Hence we have good and sufficient reasons for disputing the authority of these bankers when it is cited in the support of this liquidation theory. Their testimony, with its bias, its paucity of facts and details, is not so conclusive as the records of the New York Stock Exchange and reports of outside dealings for foreign account.

In all but one of the articles which I have read on this subject the writers studiously refrain from stating just where this liquidation took place—whether on, or off, the Stock Exchange. In the exceptional article, however, this precaution has not been observed. Upon a rereading of Mr. Bacon's *Yale Review* article, November, 1900, I find this statement, which had been previously overlooked: "The English made stupendous losses in Confederate bonds during the war, and again in 1873, with the collapse of the Reading Railroad, and other of their favorite investments; but it is probable that their heaviest loss was in the panic of 1893, which was immensely aggravated by their dumping all manner of securities on the *New York Stock Exchange*, for anything they would bring." Here at last was something definite, positive, and worth looking up.

Investigation of the Stock Exchange records for 1893 brings to light the astonishing fact that the purchases of stocks for foreign account exceeded the sales in eleven months out of the twelve. Here are the net transactions by months:

NET TRANSACTIONS FOR FOREIGN ACCOUNT ON THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE.

1893.	Excess of Purchases. Shares.	Excess of Sales. Shares.
January.....	61,000	
February.....	97,000	
March.....	68,000	
April.....	86,000	
May.....	140,000	
June.....	45,000	
July.....	95,000	
August.....	107,000	
September.....	5,000	
October.....		16,000
November.....	40,000	
December.....	76,000	
Net excess of purchases.....		804,000
	820,000	820,000

Mr. Bacon is considered the leading authority on this subject, and his article in the *Times* is pronounced by that paper "the most careful and enlightening discussion of the mooted question whether we owe Europe, or Europe owes us, that has ever been undertaken." From the optimistic point of view, he certainly deserves this high compliment. Mr. Bacon has a happy way of looking at things that is bound to endear him to the average stock boomer and promoter. In the words of the poet,

Nature gave him, whate'er else she denied,
A nature sloping to the sunny side.

But sometimes this amiable trait may lead one astray. In the present instance it has led Mr. Bacon woefully astray.

His optimism has inclined him to this current theory, and to demonstrate its correctness he seeks information from the very same sources who exploited those preposterous yarns about Europe's money poverty and this country's money-lending capacity. And these parties fully sustain their repu-

tation for trustworthiness by making him believe that in 1893 foreigners dumped this vast quantity of American securities on the New York Stock Exchange. These facts concerning foreign dealings in this earlier period furnish about all the additional proof needed of the utter absurdity of this whole theory. We see now, as clearly as we can see anything, that it is based upon nothing but very wild guesswork, and the biased testimony of stock jobbers and promoters.

Nevertheless, the theory is being exploited with as much confidence as ever, and the financial oracles are now utilizing it to account for the disappearance of last year's trade balance. But, as usual, the explanation is only a mere assertion; no facts, no figures of any kind are brought forward to prove that it has any substantial basis, although it must be admitted that, for the first time in recent years, the transactions for foreign account on the Stock Exchange show an excess of sales. Here are the transactions by months:

DEALINGS IN AMERICAN SECURITIES FOR FOREIGN ACCOUNT ON THE
NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE.

1902.	Excess of Purchases. Shares.	Excess of Sales. Shares.
January.....	19,000	
February.....		152,000
March.....		46,000
April.....	177,000	
May.....	126,000	
June.....		53,000
July.....		160,000
August.....		19,000
September.....		38,000
October.....		142,000
November.....		161,000
December.....	22,000	
Net excess of sales.....	427,000	
	<hr/> 771,000	<hr/> 771,000

Here at last we have results that must send a thrill of joy to the hearts of the stock boomers, and give renewed life to the claim that we are rapidly becoming a creditor nation. But further investigation is apt to put a damper on these hopes of future financial greatness; for while these Stock

Exchange transactions proved to be a fair index of all foreign dealings here in the preceding four years, they are grossly misleading as to 1902. The outside transactions for foreign account last year, instead of being of the same character as those on the Exchange, were pretty much all purchases, just as they were in the preceding four years.

Here is a list of such transactions that have come under my notice during this period:

\$15,000,000 in Texas oil fields; \$5,000,000 in Union Pacific stocks; \$100,000,000 beef merger bonds, underwritten by J. P. Morgan and Baring Brothers, of London; \$15,000,000 Gulf and Manitoba railroad bonds taken by foreign capitalists; \$16,000,000 Alaska Central railroad bonds floated in London; Camp Bird Gold Mine sold to Englishmen for \$10,000,000; \$10,000,000 Pennsylvania Car Trust bonds floated in London; big block of Rock Island bonds floated in London; large volume of Union Pacific bonds bought in open market for foreign account; De Cannar Mines, Nevada, sold to Venture Company, of London, \$5,000,000; Kansas City, Mexico, and Orient railroad bonds, \$2,000,000, sold abroad. Total, \$185,000,000 (estimating the Rock Island and Union Pacific bonds at \$7,000,000).

Besides these, it is certain that a good deal of the investments of foreign bankers here last year were made with foreign money. Of these, I note the following:

Choctaw, Oklahoma, and Gulf Railroad, \$15,000,000, Speyer & Co.; Manhattan Transit Company, \$10,000,000, Metropolitan Securities Company, \$30,000,000, Kuhn, Loeb & Co.; International Harvester Company, \$120,000,000, J. P. Morgan; Georgia Central Railroad, \$15,000,000, J. P. Morgan. (These two purchases by J. P. Morgan form but a small part of his investments last year.)

Now the amount of foreign capital represented in the first list of purchases foots up to about \$185,000,000. Assuming that only fifty per cent of the investment of these foreign bankers in the second list is foreign capital (it is more likely to be ninety per cent), the total foreign investments outside of Wall Street last year must have aggregated \$275,000,000. In addition to these, it is known that last year large amounts of securities were pledged to foreign bankers as collateral for money borrowed to relieve the monetary stringency here. In the *Forum* for July-September, 1902, A. D. Noyes states that in May, 1902, \$31,000,000 was borrowed from abroad for this purpose. Referring to our other foreign borrowings, the *Post*

of October 11, 1902, publishes this statement: "Pointing out the unprecedentedly wide extension of American floating obligations this year, the *Frankfurter Zeitung* writes: 'These loans have been raised not only in England, France, and Germany, but Austria itself has become a creditor to the extent of a hundred million crowns; the Austrian Credit Mobilier, Austrian Credit Foncier, and the Union Bank have great amounts of American bills in their portfolios.' " We also borrowed immense sums later on in 1902 before and after certain financial leaders had combined to avert gold exports in order to bolster the money market. (The *Post* of March 9, 1903, says: "The big buying which held up the market was done by big bankers with foreign money)." Including the \$31,000,000 borrowed in May, it is safe to estimate our total borrowings last year at \$100,000,000 (I think it was much more), for which bonds and stocks were pledged as collateral. This makes in all about \$380,000,000 worth of our properties that passed over to foreign control in 1902.

As to foreign liquidation outside of the Stock Exchange, I find no evidence of any but a few bonds that came back under Secretary Shaw's call. The Morgan investment in the Louisville and Nashville Railroad has been cited by the *Evening Post* and other authorities as one instance of the immense foreign liquidation last year. But as Mr. Belmont did not let go of any of his holdings, and as the shares transferred to Morgan by Gates were bought from individual holders in this country, the chances are that the road is more under foreign control than ever before. Now, if we assume that \$5,000,000 worth of bonds (a liberal estimate) came back from abroad under Secretary Shaw's call, and that the 433,000 shares of stocks sold on the Stock Exchange averaged \$100 a share, the total foreign liquidation was under \$50,000,000, leaving the net increase of foreign investments here at fully \$330,000,000.

The conclusions to be drawn from the foregoing statements of foreign dealings here in 1893, and during the last five years, will no doubt surprise many students of this question. It will be said that the figures prove too much, or, as one critic

puts it, "they increase the difficulty of accounting for our missing balances."

The plain answer to this objection is that no problem can be made more difficult of solution by stating the facts as we find them. The foregoing reports of foreign dealings on and off the Stock Exchange were copied from leading New York newspapers; and as they are not at all partial to my view of this matter, I have no reason to assume that they would deliberately magnify the reports of foreign investments here, and suppress any information as to reports of foreign liquidation. These reports, taken in connection with the condition of our money market, and the greater prominence of foreign bankers here, prove to a certainty that the whole theory of this immense foreign liquidation is one of the most brazen falsehoods that have ever been imposed on the American public. Instead of a liquidation of over one billion dollars in the past five years, these reports show that there has been an increase of foreign investments here of nearly that amount. Furthermore, my investigation of the character of foreign dealings here in 1893 convinces me that this theory is equally false in regard to the five years before 1898.

Still the question remains to be answered: What becomes of our trade balances? If they have not gone to repurchase securities, where have they gone? So much space has been devoted to the consideration of this liquidation theory that only a brief statement of what seems to me the true answer to this question can be given here.

Within the last two years it has been claimed that a good part of our balances has gone to finance American enterprises. The most popular estimate places this outlay at about \$150,000,000 yearly. But, as usual, it is guesswork. There is no real proof that one quarter of that sum goes on this account. Many of the so-called American undertakings, like those in England, Canada, and Mexico are being financed by foreign bankers in this country. Moreover, the monetary conditions which have prevailed here during this period conclusively prove that we have no such immense sums to spare for investments abroad. But, even if this estimate were cor-

rect, the amount is more than offset by our foreign borrowings and the new investments of foreigners in our properties.

Under these circumstances I am led to conclude that our balances have gone to offset our annual foreign debts for earnings of foreign capital, hoardings of immigrants, expenses of Americans abroad, cost of ocean freights, and for military expenses outside of the United States. One of these items, immigrants' hoardings, is usually overlooked, but I am convinced that it amounts to more than any other item except possibly the earnings of foreign capital. Furthermore, the fact that during the past three years foreigners have purchased all these properties, in excess of what they sold, and also loaned us these immense sums without having to send us any gold proves that our balances are not even big enough to offset these annual debts; hence, instead of having a big surplus to repurchase securities, etc., we are rolling up a big deficit every year, which has to be met by further borrowings or by selling more of our properties to avert gold exports.

That is the plain meaning of these foreign borrowings, or sterling loans as they are sometimes called; they represent a deficit and nothing else. But this is not all. There is good reason to believe that the monetary stringency which has manifested itself so frequently since the beginning of 1899 is mainly due to the diversion of our currency in the vaults of the foreign banks here in part settlement of this deficit. Some facts which tend to corroborate this view are the otherwise unaccountable prosperity of these institutions, and the disappearance of our gold currency. Within the past three years, these banks have been making extensive loans in Wall Street; and frequently they appear to have been the only parties that had any money to lend. Where did they get this money? Since 1896 three-fourths of the increase in our currency has been gold coin, and yet it is well known that there is actually less of this kind of money in general circulation than is passing from hand to hand than there was eight years ago. As our own banks do not appear to have this gold, it seems quite reasonable to assume that the foreign banks must have it and are lending it out in Wall Street and elsewhere.

Some of our financial leaders contend that this monetary stringency is mainly due to certain defects in our currency system. But before this view can be accepted its advocate should explain the disappearance of our gold currency, and the great prosperity of the foreign banks, which has been attained without bringing gold from abroad. And they should also explain the astounding fact that in June, 1902, after four years of the greatest export trade in our history, we were more heavily indebted to these foreign bankers than ever before. If these unusual circumstances are due to an imperfect currency system, rather than to the growth of our annual foreign debts, there should be no difficulty in proving it to the satisfaction of the American public.

W. H. ALLEN.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

TWO EIGHTEENTH CENTURY MISSIONARY PLANS.

AFTER the Rev. Thomas Bray left Oxford, in 1678, he was pastor at Lee Marton, in Warwickshire, where he was only ten miles from Tamworth, to which town the Rev. John Rawlet, a native of the place, dying in 1686, at the age of forty-four, had left his library. It was deposited in a large room in the Almshouse, and free access was given to any neighboring clergyman. Forty years later Bray wrote: "Indeed it was usual for some of us to ride even ten miles to borrow out of it the book we had occasion for." The use of this library, and the fact that another of Bray's acquaintances became a learned man without owning many books, through the fact that he had the use of two excellent private libraries near his residence, caused Bray to conceive the plan of establishing parochial libraries for the benefit of the clergy.

Some years later, Bray, who had achieved prominence through a series of catechetical lectures, was selected by the Bishop of London to go as his commissary to Maryland "to model that infant church and establish it on a solid foundation." This appointment was accepted by Bray, after he had secured from the bishops the assurance that they would "encourage and assist him in providing parochial libraries for the ministers who should be sent."

The ministers "could not be useful to the design of their mission" without such books, and "a library would be the best encouragement to studious and sober men to go into the service." These were two thoughts that he constantly reiterated in England. There were vexatious delays in Bray's starting for Maryland, so that he did not leave England until December, 1699. He was not idle, however, but constantly preached his plans for libraries, prepared and published a bibliography of religious works, and a pamphlet showing "what provision is wanting for the propagation of Christianity in

America." Libraries and missionaries he sent over before him, not limiting his beneficence to Maryland, but including in his plans all the North American colonies and the "factories of Africa." His ideas broadened in their scope as the months passed. In the capital of each province should be a lending library for the clergy and gentry—that is, for all the reading classes—and the collection sent to Annapolis was the finest library of the day in the English plantations. Soon he found that there must be a permanent organization to carry on the work of establishing libraries and "propagating Christianity," since he tried in vain for an appropriation from the crown or from Parliament. "A general plan of the constitution of a Protestant Congregation or Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge" was drawn by Bray, and, as the time did not seem ripe for an application for a charter, he organized "a voluntary society," having as its purposes to provide missionaries abroad, to "perfect the design of fixing parochial libraries throughout the plantations, in order to render both these missionaries and all the other clergy in the plantations useful and serviceable in the propagation of the Christian faith and manners. It was also proposed to provide for the widows and orphans of the missionaries, as well as to give pensions as rewards to deserving ministers, especially such "as shall most hazard their persons in attempting the conversion of the negroes or native Indians."

At home the society would propagate Christian knowledge by catechetical libraries in the smaller parishes and lending libraries for the clergy in market towns, and by setting up catechetical schools for the education of poor children in reading, writing, and the principles of the Christian religion. So came into being the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge—Bray having associated four others with him as founders. Two months after the organization of the society, he presented a paper before it, in which he called attention to the facts that thirty parochial libraries were already "advanced to a pretty good perfection and a foundation laid of seventy more, in all to the value of near two thousand pounds," while five hundred pounds' worth of good books had

been dispensed gratis among the people in England. Something had been done toward raising funds for a "charitable plantation in Carolina to be stocked with negroes," for "widows and orphans of the deceased clergy who die poor in that province and Bermuda." A subscription had been begun to send missionaries to the Quakers, who are "totally apostatized" from the Christian faith, and "may be looked upon as a heathen nation."

But there was still another object which Bray urged upon the society—namely, the conversion of the "Indians, by providing for education of some of their youths in schools, whence they could be sent back as the properest persons to convert the rest." Bray was indefatigable in pushing forward the work of the society, nearly always being present as the central figure at its early meetings. When absent, we find that he is in Holland seeking a grant of money from King William for the promotion of religion in the plantations. It is not surprising that the society writes Gov. Francis Nicholson, on October 3, 1700, that "the main part of their design with relation to America is to assist Dr. Bray in the raising of libraries for the clergy and in distributing practical books amongst the laity." Bray's mission to Maryland was thought so important that Archbishop Tenison said on August 8, 1700, it would be "of the greatest consequence imaginable to the establishment of religion in America," and Viscount Weymouth wrote, on July 6, 1700: "I am glad Dr. Bray is arrived safe at his station, and hope the bishops will make him one of their number, that he may have some power over the clergy of that world." Early in 1700 Bray arrived in Maryland, held a visitation, preached before the Assembly, and induced it to pass an amended act establishing the Anglican Church in the province, and returned to England with this act to secure the royal assent. This was obtained, but for some reason Bray did not go out again to America. He accepted a living in London, threw himself into schemes for civic reform, and was a faithful pastor until his death, in 1729.

On Bray's return to England he made known the conditions in America, and found that many would help the spirit-

ually destitute there if a chartered company were formed. Consequently, early in 1701, he sent the King a petition that such a charter be granted. It was given; and on June 23, 1701, the charter was laid by Bray before the new Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, and the thanks of the society were tendered him for "his great care and pains in procuring it."

Ralph Thoresby, the Antiquary, wrote in his diary on May 31, 1712, of meeting Dr. Bray, "who is so eminently concerned in propagating the gospel among the heathen and other pious designs for reformation of manners." Eleven years later, on May 15, 1723, he wrote that he "walked to the pious and charitable Dr. Bray's, at Aldgate; was extremely pleased with his many pious, useful, and charitable projects, which detained me most of the afternoon." On the 26th of the same month, Thoresby walked on Sunday to Aldgate, where Dr. Bray preached excellently both ends of the day concerning the ascension of Christ. He "heard the charity children catechised, and was extremely surprised at the prodigious pains so aged a person undertakes; he is very mortified as to the world, and has taken abundance of trouble to have a new church erected in this large parish, though it would lessen the revenue one hundred pounds per annum to him, but he hopes would be for more general good to his parishians."

The foundation of these two great societies and the work of a city parish did not so occupy Bray as to cause him to turn aside from his two great objects of founding libraries and caring for the neglected classes in the American plantations. In the endeavor to promote the former object, he published an essay in 1703 "to show the incompetent provision there is in many parishes" in England, and was largely instrumental in securing the passage of an act of Parliament in 1708 "for better preservation of parochial libraries in England." Toward the latter object, he especially longed to do something for the negro slaves and the aborigines, conceiving "nothing so desirable as to be the instrument of recovering those lost sheep and bringing them into the fold of their heavenly pastor."

His earnestness and singleness of purpose in this matter "endeared him to the esteem" of Abel Tassin D'Allone, "cabinet secretary" to both William and Mary. This gentleman, who possessed "great penetration and address in managing State affairs," and was also noted for his "pious disposition of mind," induced by Bray's arguments, "gave in his lifetime a sum to be applied to the conversion of the negroes, desiring withal the doctor to direct the management and disposition of it." Furthermore, D'Allone bequeathed nine hundred pounds to "Dr. Bray and his associates, toward creating a capital fund or stock for converting the negroes in the British plantations." In 1726, Bray named four men to be associated with him, and thus established the organization still doing good work and bearing the name of "Dr. Bray's Associates for Founding Clerical Libraries and Supporting Negro Schools."

Shortly before this work was begun, a young clergyman, George Berkeley, Dean of Londonderry, in England, later to be known as a famed philosopher and as the Bishop of Cloyne, then heavy hearted over the condition of affairs in England after the bursting of the South Sea bubble, wrote to his friend, Lord Percival: "The reformation of manners among the English in our Western plantations and the propagation of the gospel among the American savages are two points of high moment. The natural way of doing this is by founding a college or seminary in some convenient part of the West Indies." As early as 1722, Berkeley's thoughts turned to the Bermudas as the place where he longed to spend the rest of his life, and for several years he devoted his energies toward an endeavor to found his college there. A man of great intellect, a most agreeable companion, possessed of considerable means through a fortunate legacy from Swift's "Vanesa," intimately acquainted with the great men of the day, the prospects for his undertaking seemed favorable. He set out to obtain a government grant, and seems to have sought for no help from private sources. The story is well known: he published his memorable tract in 1725, waited in England several years for the expected support, sailed for America, settled in Rhode Island, and, buying a farm there, spent four years in quiet and philosophic thought.

A most interesting light on Berkeley's experience in America is thrown by a letter to him, dated April 29, 1729, written by Henry Newman, Secretary of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, who had given Berkeley a letter of introduction to the Governor of Rhode Island in the previous year. Newman writes: "I shall be glad to hear that things answer your expectation and that your main design may at length be accomplished, if not in the manner you first proposed, yet in such a one as may be effectual. I believe you are now satisfied that if you had made a short voyage to America before you had published your proposal you would have very much altered your scheme; but I hope you will have it in your power to rectify your first project in whatever it was amiss, and that your friends here may easily obtain a royal license for such alterations as may be recommended to you."

That he made one effort while in America to accomplish either of his purposes in coming thither, cannot be proved. He was truly an idealist, a dreamer of brilliant dreams. Bray's intellect was less brilliant, but his was a practical mind, and his missionary work lives, and through the societies he founded has influenced hundreds of thousands of lives; while the definite result of Berkeley's came chiefly through his gift of books and his Rhode Island farm to Yale College, when he returned to England. This he did in 1731, giving up the "notion of founding a university at Bermuda for Indian scholars and missionaries," as he found the British government would give him no support.

Let us examine his plan and compare it with the one which Dr. Bray published in opposition. Berkeley's plan is outlined in his "Proposal for the Better Supplying of Churches in Our Foreign Plantations and for Converting the Savage Americans to Christianity by a College to Be Erected in the Summer Islands, Otherwise Called the Isles of Bermuda." Shortly after the publication of the pamphlet, a royal charter was granted him, for St. Paul's College, to be situated in those islands. He selected an island site for his college, because he was afraid that the populous parts of the continent would not be suitable, from the "ac-

counts given of their avarice and licentiousness, their coldness in the practice of religion, and their aversion from propagating it which appears in the withholding their slaves from baptism," and that the "remote parts" would not be satisfactory through danger from savage attack, want of intercourse, and difficulty of receiving the necessary supplies.

At any rate, intercourse between different parts of the continent was so difficult that he thought nothing would be gained by placing his college there, while much was gained from placing the institution in an island about equidistant from all the colonies, which maintained constant intercourse with the other colonies, and whose commerce was chiefly with America and not Europe. Berkeley's tract shows that he has listened to accounts of low moral conditions in America, but has made no careful investigation. He seems ignorant or careless of the existence of Harvard, William and Mary, and Yale, and says no savage American has ever been given a "thorough education in religion and morality, in divine and human learning," thus overlooking the existence of the Brafferton School and of the fact that a number of Indians had studied at Harvard.

He knows Codrington College, in Barbadoes, but thinks there is too much luxury and dissoluteness on that island, and that provisions are too high there. While he referred to the efforts of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel with respect, he wrote: "It is nevertheless acknowledged that there is at this day but little sense of religion and a most notorious corruption of manners in the English colonies settled on the continent of America and the Islands." He is correct in saying that "the gospel hath hitherto made but a very inconsiderable progress among the neighboring Americans," but even that statement might have been qualified by more exact knowledge of the "Scotch Society" and of the work of the "Apostle" John Eliot and others among the "praying Indians" of Massachusetts. There was too much truth in his statement that many of the clergy sent to America are "very meanly qualified both in learning and morals for the discharge of their office." Little could be expected from

such men as quit England, because "they are unable to procure a livelihood in it;" and to the character of the clergy Berkeley attributes the fact that the negroes remain in heathenism. Even men of merit lack qualifications for converting the American heathen, from the difference of language, the wild way of living of the savages, and the great jealousy and prejudice which they have toward foreigners. Berkeley recognized one of the great principles of foreign missionary work—that the mass of a people can best be reached by members of their own race—but he did not discriminate between the two purposes of the clergymen in America, which were so diverse that one man could hardly at the same time be pastor of a white congregation and missionary to the aborigines. So, too, we feel sure that a more careful study of Harvard and Yale later must have modified his ideas of the great need of a college in that section of the plantations "to train up plantation youth" to fill churches "now a drain for the very dregs and refuse of ours." The details of his course of instruction for the Indians seem not to have been worked out. We merely learn that he proposed to transport to the Bermudas children under ten years of age, either voluntarily given by their parents or obtained by taking captive the children of our enemies. He was able to see that not all of these would be found "likely to improve by academic studies," and suggested that such "may be taught agriculture or the most necessary trades."

During the quarter century which had elapsed since he left Maryland, Bray had not lost touch with the province; but had kept up intercourse with prominent men there, both clergy and laymen, and held interviews with such Maryland clergymen as Henderson, one of the commissaries, Ranisford, and Tustian on the occasion of their visits to England. He had been among the Indians, and remembered that "the Queen of Pamonki's people were formerly a considerable nation, but now have been reduced to not many scores. And in my parochial visitation toward the falls of the Potomac, I passed by the huts of such another caste, far from being a numerous horde or tribe. I think they call them the Potapski

Indians." He received D'Allone's bequest about the time that Berkeley published his "Proposal," and spent most of the following year in preparing a counterplan and a vigorous attack upon that of Berkeley. These are contained in an excessively rare work, lately acquired by the Maryland Historical Society, which possesses a remarkably complete collection of Bray's writings, and which has recently republished a number of them in its Fund Publications. The work, whose title covers two pages, is apparently incomplete, and was issued in parts during the years 1727 and 1728, further progress being doubtless prevented by Bray's death, on February 15, 1729, shortly after Berkeley had gone to America. What effect Bray's work had in England or America, we know not, but the originality of the ideas and the essential modernity of Bray's plans make it a noteworthy work, while its attack upon Berkeley's plan is very effective. The book is entitled: "Missionalia, or a Collection of Missionary Pieces Relating to the Conversion of the Heathen, both the African Negroes and the American Indians. In Two Parts."

Part I. contains "A Letter to the Reverend Commissaries and Clergy of Maryland, Exhorting Them to and Pointing Out the Method of Carrying on Such Conversions;" and a memorial to the said "Clergy, desiring them to inform the Trustees of Mr. D'Allone's bequest of the most probable methods in their power of undertaking that good work with success, more especially as it respects the American Indians." With these Bray reprints the "Life of Bernard Gilpin," by George Carleton, Bishop of Chichester, that Gilpin's work among the neglected classes may inspire the clergy to follow him therein, and also several chapters in Latin, "De Enunciando Evangelio," from a work entitled "De Conversione Omnium Gentium Procuranda," by Thomas a Jesu, a Carmelite monk. This is reprinted, as it is necessary to study heathenism before one can convert the heathen, and the Carmelite's "curious account of the state of modern heathenism" and his "admirable scheme of doctrine" are better than anything done by the Anglicans, though the latter have the better religion. A third tract added is an "Account of the Life of the Reverend

John Rawlett," by Bray, prefaced to a "Consolatory Letter" of Rawlett, to his mother on his apprehension of dying by the plague in 1665, which was hitherto unprinted. The second part of the work, which seems to have remained incomplete, was entitled "*Primordia Bibliothecaria Missionalia*." This was addressed to the Maryland clergy, "into whose hands those books shall be disposed, which are sent in for their use toward the conversion of the negroes." Bray's old library ideas are still strongly held by him, and he considers books "absolutely necessary to the success of missions." The Rev. Mr. Eversfield had been sent out on October 30, 1727, as "Curator of the Conversions," and with him went a fresh supply of the catechetical books sent out in 1700; for the earlier ones, "being small pieces so much handled by children and youth, they must be supposed wore out or lost by this." This part of the book contains only a partial "scheme of a diminutive or catechetical library in embryo, with full directions to clergymen" as to its use.

Eversfield also took with him "a collection of the choicest *Missionalia*, as well Popish (*et fas est ab hoste doceri*) as Protestant, that can be found, giving an account of the nature and situation of mind and condition of life of the people to be converted, and of that scheme of doctrine necessary for that institution and of the best method of dealing with them. Bray felt that a recent unsuccessful experiment in missionary work in Delagoa Bay showed that it was inexpedient to carry on any enterprise with D'Allone's money in Africa, and, turning his thoughts to the negroes in America, he consulted three Maryland clergymen then in London, "whether the parochial clergy would not be the most proper persons to whose care this might be committed, being the necessary means—namely, books." The response was most encouraging. They unanimously declared we might be assured of at least twenty or twenty-five worthy ministers in that province, who would heartily engage in it, being provided of the assistances proposed, and were not diffident of good success, with the blessing of God, on their and our endeavors. Nor did they doubt but that also several of the more sober and

considerate gentlemen, heads of families among the planters, would readily give way, as some have already done, to have their negro slaves instructed and baptized.

This effort to benefit "many thousand negro slaves engaged in the planting of tobacco," as we shall see, entitles Bray to stand as a pioneer in the cause of negro education, even before the Rev. Thomas Bacon. Bray springs to the defense of the plantation clergy against the "libel" of Dean Berkeley, and states that after Bray's visit to Maryland "there went over at first, all to a man and with great satisfaction (I understand there are at this day some), as good, faithful parish ministers, with as few exceptions of persons otherwise qualified, as in any part of his majesty's dominions." For nearly a generation, there have been in every parish in Maryland (save two, for which it is hoped soon to make provision) "standing encouragements" to the clergy, in the shape of the parochial libraries. There are also "two degrees of superior and general libraries, provided on purpose as to stimulate the studious," and the province has enacted laws to "preserve those libraries for the use of all future successions of ministers." It is found that "(except in one or two places, which yet is too much) none hath hitherto suffered loss or embezzlement," and Bray trusts that an idle and illiterate drone" will never possess such treasures. He also hopes that after his death others will be "careful still to improve those libraries, as new books of value from time to time shall be published." His hope was in vain; no new supplies came. The libraries, gradually forgotten, moldered in corners of parsonages, and most of the new books were destroyed.

Bray proposes that new clergymen be sent who may be "serviceable to the instruction of all the planters." They should be kept in England for a year at least, as candidates on probation, to prove their character and intellect. During that year, one or two such could be supported from the income from D'Allone's bequest and required to read and digest missionary books, as well as to preach to the poor prisoners in two of "the most forlorn prisons in the outparts" of London, "thus the better to inure them to the most distant

part of their office and to bring them to a temper of mind and facility of expression, to the level and low capacities of the most ignorant." This anticipation of the requirement of city mission work from theological students is interesting. It is also worthy of remark that Bray's interest in prisons was a deep one, and that, through him, it is probable Oglethorpe was likewise interested and the movement began which led to the establishment of the colony of Georgia.

The main part of Bray's plan, as far as the parochial clergy is concerned, was to have them labor among the negroes, and he especially exhorted them to this work. Berkeley "hath been pleased to blacken you for neglecting the Indians in a very free way, as neglecting what he very groundlessly supposes the ends of your mission to the American plantations (and I say groundlessly supposed, because you were sent to preach the gospel to the English planters, to prevent their turning heathen in time)." If his stories gain credence, the Crown may withdraw its grant to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel and even D'Allone's bequest be diverted into the Dean's fund. Bray still bears a "singular affection to the whole province and in an especial manner to the clergy therein," and desires them to teach the negroes to "read, to say the catechism, and to pray," as a preparation to their baptism. Not only should they do this themselves, as occasion offers, but they should also urge the schoolmasters and some of the better disposed families "of their respective cures to teach the young negroes to spell and onward till they can read, as also the Church catechism and some prayers by heart." The Maryland parishes are so large "that the greatest part of the planters cannot reach the churches" more than once on a Sunday, and "even that not without horses," yet the wealthier planters have as many souls as "some of our smaller country parishes." Such planters, from ten to twenty miles distant from a church, "who are tinctured with some sense of religion," might be persuaded "on Sunday afternoons" to set up a course of family religion and worship in their houses, "with prayers, responsive reading of the scriptures, singing psalms, and catechising." "O, what happy seeds of piety

would then be sown in such families!" Bray exclaims, and the history of the negro in America shows the fulfillment of his wish. He sends collections of psalms and hymns, as these "well sung" form a most delightful as well as divine part of worship, and are "found with us a means very efficacious and inciting to bring the youth especially to church. Planters ought also to direct their overseers or others to instruct those poor heathen, having souls immortal as their own."

Bray urged the clergy to start this work at once and let him have an account of their beginnings when the ships return in the autumn. "If only one planter's family be converted, more will often be accomplished than by the instruction of a whole nation of Indians." "So that you will thereby, in no ways, come behind in your success, the Great Undertaker to Convert Heathens who promises here such great things of that kind, at the same time loudly exclaiming, but very injuriously, I am persuaded, against the clergy in America, for not making it your care to convert the heathen." Bray assured many "when occasion offers, of your zeal and endeavors to do what you can, and as far enabled to convert the blacks, who are by far the more numerous body of heathens in those parts." Nor does he confine himself to a defense of the American clergy, but also makes a vigorous attack on Berkeley for his protracted residence in England while Dean of Londonderry, in Ireland, and thanks God that the clergy in Maryland have not learned that "refined art, so lately invented, of leaving cures in a country as much wanting laborers proportionable for the harvest, being a numerous people, as barbarous as the Indians with you, to come over here to amuse the world" with such a proposal as Berkeley's.

So much for the negroes; for the Indians also Bray had thoughts. His plan with reference to them has three important features which will be recognized as characteristically modern: grant of lands in severalty, combination of industrial and religious education, and training of youth in close contact with the tribe. He urged the Maryland clergy not to omit anything which "can be done toward the conversion of the American Indians," and to try to "reduce them to civil

life, and at the same time to the knowledge of the true God and of Jesus Christ." This they may do by "visiting the Indian nations bordering upon them." Bray then unfolded his plan to the clergy and asked information as to the Indians, and whether his plan, Berkeley's, or some third one was more practicable. Bray's plan was already drafted for the unsuccessful Delagoan Mission, and was accompanied with an outline of a full course of Christian instruction.

The project is so important as to justify quotation at some length. Two or three artificers of sober conversation, together with their wives, both of some competent knowledge in religion, should be sent to live and abide "among the Indians." The artificers principally "should be carpenters, tillers of land, and tailors." The whole Indian "clan should be induced by these persons," persuaded, to divide that tract of land belonging to them, allotting to every one having wife and children a distinct proportion, which he may call his property, these artificers coming in also for a share. The carpenter should, together with his own house, offer to build them little houses, calling for their assistance to fell timber, to saw it, and, afterwards, to help them in the erection of houses. The tiller of land should instruct and assist them in raising corn and breeding up cattle; the tailor, in making up clothes; and the wives of each of these artificers should teach the Indian squaws, with their daughters, to milk their own cows, to make butter and cheese, and to spin linen and sew their own garments. So far as to the civil life. And then as to the religious and moral, each of these artificers, with their wives, ought to be well chosen; persons who shall understand their religion, and who can communicate to the others their own sentiments as to all the foregoing points, divine and moral, in the whole scheme of instruction proposed. The good wives of the several artificers might "put up little schools, as in our country villages, to teach the Indian children to spell and read." The success of this scheme would be glorious to the British nation and a security against the French instigators of Indian warfare. Bray did not intend by his plan to lay on the clergy any burden other than

what they will take pleasure in sustaining. He knew the local conditions in Maryland, and has had "good accounts both of your labors and success" in "the instruction and saving of souls" among the parishioners. The parishes, especially in the outskirts nearest the Indian nations, were in "length and breadth forty, fifty, or sixty miles or over; whence it is that, besides your ordinary duty of preaching, you are almost daily called out to baptize children and visit the sick, to bury the dead, and each of these sometimes twenty or more miles from the rectories. Under these circumstances we consider you as having no time or leisure to make excursions among the Indian nations." In any case no permanent result would be accomplished, save "by living constantly among them and in the midst of them." The clergy, however, can ride occasionally to visit the artificers, to encourage and direct them, and to supply necessary books, "being internuncios, as it were, between them and those who may assist the good design here."

Bray next criticises Berkeley's plan. The Bermudas are very barren, and the inhabitants are in great distress. The islands are so populous that the price of land is high. The population consists chiefly of sailors and of "the roughest and rudest sorts of people, so that the place is least fitted for retirement, contemplation, or study," while the mainland colonies are vastly distant, being upward of two hundred leagues away. None of these inconveniences can occur if a situation is sought upon the continent. "The Indians, the most silent and sedate people in the world, will not interrupt or dissipate with clamor or noise the thoughts of the studious" in the wilderness. Berkeley "might, with the greatest ease in the world," have known of the work of Harvard and of William and Mary. It has been found that it was very difficult to get the Indians to come fifty miles to the latter college, and that, on return to their tribe, they often sank back to savagery. How then could students voluntarily be obtained to go to the Bermudas, and would not the Indian tribes be very jealous and refuse to receive those who had been instructed to seize Indian children by force and carry them to Berkeley's seminary. It

would be an imitation of what "slave traders do to serve their god Mammon" and would "infinitely misbecome us in the service of Christ." There is an "absolute necessity of civilizing—nay, humanizing—those savages in order to, or rather concurrently with, the Christianizing of them," Bray wrote, and to this sentiment the great army of missionaries to the savages would say amen.

Another great objection to Berkeley's plan was its expense. Bray's calculation made the prime cost to be seven thousand and five hundred pounds and the annual cost five hundred pounds, if but five Indians were trained; while Bray's plan had a prime cost of about eight hundred pounds, and the annual expenses would be two hundred pounds. If more money be raised, "it will tend vastly more toward forwarding the design, to build many houses or habitations among the Indians themselves, than one college six or seven hundred miles distant from them." The mission should be an "ambulatory" one, and instead of building "material fabrics of stone and mortar," the effort should be to erect "spiritual and living temples to the Holy Ghost."

By Bray's plan, too, the English would learn the Indian languages, and the government would do better to support this plan, as it has provisions to civilize, as well as to instruct, the Indians. Berkeley would do well to adopt Bray's plan, and would find business enough to occupy himself to find out proper artificers, "improve them," settle them in their several stations on the borders of the Indian tribes, see that proper equipment and salaries are provided, and make progresses into the Indian tribes to inspect and reward the artificers, perfect their instruction, and at length to baptize the Indians.

In Bray's "Missionalia" is printed a letter from Rev. Peter Tustian, rector of St. Paul's Creek Parish, "concerning the best methods of converting the neighboring Indians." This is the only known reply to Berkeley's "Proposal" from one of the clergy he attached, and is thus of some importance. Tustian does not believe the Indians will voluntarily send their children to the Bermudas, for they are "exceedingly fond of their liberty, obstinately tenacious of their customs, and,

being naturally jealous, are more than ordinarily so of the English, who, they are sensible, have many advantages of them already." It would be "no evangelical method of propagating Christianity to take their children by force," and it would "involve us in a bloody war," or "encourage one nation to prey upon another." Tustian speaks from the personal conversations I have had with several of them in different and remote colonies or from a diligent observation and the best information which could be obtained, and found them "very curious and subtle in their conduct, weighing everything of moment with the most mature deliberation." "Their numbers lessen yearly," and they will not be "such weak politicians as to part with the flower of their youth, merely for the sake of a little learning which they do not value."

He regarded work among negro slaves as much more hopeful, and has several Christian negroes now in his parish, "who are constant communicants and careful to have their children baptized and instructed, doing something toward it themselves. Though in his seven years in the province Tustian had not gained "an universal acquaintance" with the clergy, yet to his certain knowledge several would be very glad to exert themselves on such an occasion, omitting nothing on their parts that could reasonably be expected of them. But books are oftentimes so scarce and dear that I have known white children to be balked of their learning for want of Bibles to read in, their parents being either not able or not willing to be at the expense." Berkeley's "Utopian Seminary" came to naught, but the labors of Christian planters and clergymen throughout the colonies made the negro race Christians, and we are nowadays working among the Indians largely along the lines laid down by Bray.

BERNARD C. STEINER.

THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES.¹

AMONG minor English poets, there is no more striking figure than Thomas Lovell Beddoes, a man of unique personality and versatile talents. Between 1821-26, the five years of mediocrity which followed the deaths of Keats, Shelley, and Byron, and preceded the outburst of song in the Victorian Era, it is claimed by Mr. Edmund Gosse that "Beddoes was the most interesting talent engaged in writing English verse." It was during these years of exhaustion that he produced his best poems; in later life he ceased to write except as a pastime. Mr. Gosse points out, furthermore, that the effect of writing at such a period "dwarfed, restrained, and finally quenched Beddoes's poetical faculty." He is a striking example of a poet who, at first glance, appears akin to his age in point of time only, and apparently utterly dissimilar in spirit and intellect, a curious instance of the effect of heredity, enhanced by circumstances and study. Beddoes was, moreover, heir to a sufficient patrimony to preclude the necessity of a systematic pursuit of one profession; it is the oft-repeated story of a man possessing very rare gifts, but so undisciplined by nature that he obeyed no law except his own whims. Had he followed his first inclination toward literature, or his later bent toward science, in either domain he might have gained a lasting name; but he was in turn *littérateur*, scientist, philosopher, politician; as he calls himself, "a moderate dabbler in many waters," squandering his mental gifts in order to satisfy an insatiable greed for knowledge of many things. Beddoes's poetical genius was not sufficient to impel spontaneous song, and the reason of his desultory efforts at verse-making is a

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small body of poems, narrow in range, but often exquisite in lyrical beauty and technical perfection.

Thomas Lovell Beddoes was born in Rodney Place, Clifton, on the 20th of July, 1803. He was the eldest son of Dr. Thomas Beddoes and Anna Edgeworth, the sister of Maria Edgeworth, the novelist. Dr. Beddoes was a man of vigorous intellect and talent, eminent both as a physician and as an author. His writings include several scientific treatises, a poem on "The Conquests of Alexander," a moral tale called "Isaac Jenkins," a work on Calculus, and a number of political brochures. The son inherited his father's creative faculty, his love of science, and his distaste for all established conventions. With strange fatality, he seems also to have inherited his father's lack of sustained effort in one direction. Beddoes realized this defect in his own nature; he writes from Hamburg in July, 1825: "What my intentions further may be I cannot say precisely, as I am not altogether endowed with the polar virtue of perseverance, and the needle with which I embroidered my cloth of life has not been rubbed with the magnet of steady determination."

At the time of Dr. Beddoes's death, in 1809, his son was intrusted to the guardianship of Sir Davies Gilbert, P.R.S. The young boy was first sent to Bath Grammar School, later to the Charterhouse. A minute description of Beddoes's personal appearance and characteristics at this period of his life, given by his schoolfellow and fag, Mr. C. D. Bevan, is quoted by Thomas Kelsall in the *Fortnightly* of July, 1872. He is described as "a youth with a shrewd, sarcastic face, of great humor, with propensity to mischief, and impatient of authority." In later life Beddoes is said to have looked like Keats. Among the various incidents of Beddoes's school-days, related by Mr. Bevan, there is one that occurred when he was only fourteen, which shows both the precocity of the youth and the grim humor which so characterized his later life. A locksmith connected with the school had placed an inferior lock on Beddoes's bookcase, and had demanded an exorbitant price. In revenge, Beddoes wrote a burlesque, in which he represented the death of the locksmith, "dis-

turbed by horror and remorse for his sins in the matter of the lock," and the funeral procession, interrupted by fiends who bore the soul of the transgressor to eternal torment. This farce was acted by Beddoes in the presence of the smith so realistically that the latter was overcome by terror. Mr. Bevan says that Beddoes was not a good student of the classics, but was at a very early age familiar with English literature, especially dramatic poetry. He was not popular among his schoolfellows, and yet he enjoyed a supremacy over them, due both to fear and to respect.

In 1820 Beddoes entered Pembroke College, Oxford, and in 1825 received the degree of A.B. He did not distinguish himself in college, but seemed quite content with mediocrity, submitting himself to no law or system of study. During his residence at Pembroke he formed a friendship with Thomas Kelsall, a lawyer, who remained his most constant friend throughout his life, and became his literary executor after his death. It is due to Mr. Kelsall primarily that the poet is known to the public.

After receiving the degree of A.B., Beddoes turned to the study of the German language and literature, "leaning to ultra-liberty and rationalism," with a hatred of old-time customs and institutions. This love of German thought and feeling led him, in 1825, to visit Germany. Here he spent the following four years, studying physics and philosophy, at the University of Göttingen. He writes from Göttingen that he was "never better employed, never so happy, never so well satisfied"—a great improvement on the melancholy mood to which he had been prey in the previous year. A letter from London, March 29, 1824, says: "The truth is, that being a little shy and not a little proud perhaps, I have held back and never made the first step toward discovering my residence or existence to any of my family friends; in consequence I have lived in a deserted state that I could hardly bear much longer without sinking into that despondency on the brink of which I have sate so long." It is almost certain that at a very early age Beddoes had been separated from his family, and from the beginning of his college course his letters

show little trace of intercourse with his mother or sisters. The bibliography is so limited that it is impossible to judge with any degree of accuracy whether this estrangement grew from indifference on Beddoes's part, from a positive breach, or from his habitual dislike to companionship. His loneliness is shown in a letter dated Göttingen, Dec. 4th, 1825, to Mr. Kelsall: "I feel myself in a measure alone in the world and likely to remain so, for from the experiments I have made I fear I am a nonconductor of friendship, a not-very-likable person, so that I must make sure of my own respect and occupy that part of the brain which should be employed in imaginative attachments, in the pursuit of immaterial and unchanging good."

At the University of Göttingen Prof. Blumenbach, the first great German geologist, was one of his instructors, and in speaking of Beddoes said that "his talent exceeded that of any other student who received instruction from me during my professorship." Prof. Blumenbach's professorship covered a period of more than fifty years, so that these words indicate that Beddoes must have been an unusually promising student.

Beddoes returned to England in the spring of 1828, to receive his degree of A.M., remaining only a short time." Of this visit he writes, in a letter to Mr. Kelsall from Clifton, that he does not expect to spend more than two days in London, for "nothing can equal my impatience and weariness of this dull, idle, pampered isle." Already he had become infatuated with German thought and learning, and preferred the country of his adoption to his native land. In 1829 or 1830, he went to Würzburg, and there, in 1832, he received the degree of M.D. He was offered the professorship of Comparative Anatomy at the University of Zurich in 1835; but this offer was afterwards withdrawn, since he had published no scientific treatise. In a letter written about this time he states that he had no desire to write the required thesis. Beddoes seems to have toiled unceasingly in the pursuit of knowledge, not for professional distinction or financial gain, but for the personal satisfaction and pleasure which he derived from the mere acquisition. His innate scholarly instinct was fostered by

German university life until his meditative faculty almost entirely absorbed his creative powers.

After his arrival in Würzburg, he began to sympathize with the revolutionary tendencies and democratic movement in Switzerland, aiding with his "pen and purse," until his residence there became endangered, and he was forced to flee. He took refuge in Strasburg in 1832, then in Zurich in 1833, where he remained seven years, probably the happiest of his life.

After 1825, Beddoes's intercourse with his friends in England almost ceased. His love of solitude and aversion for companionship increased to such an extent that he was misanthropic, and probably mildly insane. His complete adoption of Germany and Switzerland as his home had further estranged him in thought and feeling from England. In August, 1846, he spent ten months in England, and his friends scarcely recognized him. He was "rough and cynical in speech, and eccentric in manners." Six out of the ten months he refused to see any one. Mr. Gosse quotes Mrs. Proctor as having said that "his eccentricities at this time gave the appearance of insanity, but closer observation showed them to be the result of a peculiar fancy, unaccustomed to restraint."¹ However, in an unsigned article published in the "*Athenæum*" of December 27, 1890, Mrs. Proctor is reported to have said that she considered Beddoes insane at this time.

In 1848 Beddoes writes that he has decided to return to England permanently, but he became poisoned by the virus from a dead body before he was able to carry out his intention, and the ensuing illness prevented his return. His long illness greatly depressed him. In July of the same year he attempted suicide by severing an artery in his leg with a razor. His purpose was defeated, but during his recovery he stealthily and systematically removed the bandages until it became necessary to amputate the leg. In December Beddoes was able to leave his room, and it was thought that he

¹ Poetical works of T. L. Beddoes, ed. 1890, V., Introduction, p. 31.

had given up all intention of suicide, but the first time he went into the town he obtained a poison called Kurara, and that evening was found unconscious. He died at ten o'clock the same night, January 26, 1849, and was buried at Basel. Beddoes left a memorandum, bequeathing his manuscripts to Mr. Kelsall, to be disposed of as Mr. Kelsall thought best, and he also left a most extraordinary note to a friend, in which he said, "Life was too great a bore on one peg and that a bad one." An attendant afterwards said: "*Il était miserable; il a voulu [sic] se tuer.*" These are the only reasons known for his suicide; there is no evidence of any disappointment or great sorrow. Probably it was the effect of monomania, due to long solitude. Death, over which he had brooded for years, with an irresistible, fascinating influence sucked him into its vortex, whose depth and mystery he had contemplated for so long a time.

During his lifetime, with the exception of a few poems which had appeared in current periodicals, Beddoes published only two volumes. One of these, "The Improvisatore" published at Oxford in 1821, was almost completely destroyed by him, so that only five or six copies are now in existence. The second volume was "The Bride's Tragedy," published by the Rivingtons in 1822. At the time of his death, in 1849, the bulk of manuscript was still unpublished, and it was not until 1850, when Mr. Kelsall edited "Death's Jest Book," that any of Beddoes's more mature work was given to the public. In 1850 Mr. Kelsall published some of the remaining poems and fragments, with a memoir of the poet, under the title, "Poems by the late Thomas L. Beddoes." At Mr. Kelsall's death, in 1869 (?), he bequeathed the manuscript to Mr. Robert Browning, who admired Beddoes extravagantly. Mr. Browning had attempted to dissuade Mr. Kelsall from this intention, because of a superstitious fear he cherished toward the box containing the manuscript, but Mr. Kelsall persisted in his intention; Mr. Browning did not examine the manuscript for years, fearing that it would disclose some gruesome secret. When, after a lapse of years, he went through the papers with the assistance of Mr. Gosse, his presentiment was verified,

for the fact of the suicide came to light, which hitherto had not been known.

In 1890, Mr. Gosse published, under the title "Poetical Works of Thomas Lovell Beddoes," an excellent edition, in which he has made the best of the fragments. It was a matter of much surprise that no scientific works of any kind were found among Beddoes's manuscripts, for the trend of his mind from 1826 had been almost entirely in a scientific direction, and his letters make constant reference to scientific writings or translations then in progress. In April, 1827, he writes: "My next publication will probably be a dissertation on Organic Expansion." From Zurich, in 1838, he writes that he is employed in translating into German Mr. Graigner's work on the Spinal Cord. No trace of these two scientific works, or of the various publications which Beddoes is known to have made while in Germany, has ever been found.

It is when one takes up Beddoes's productions in detail that one marvels most at his originality and early signs of talent. His first attempt, written while at the Charterhouse, was a novel called "Cynthio and Bugboo," now lost. Mr. Bevan says that it was modeled on a work of Fielding's, and had "all the coarseness, little of the wit, and none of the truth of the original."

Beddoes's second poem (as far as it has been possible to ascertain) was "Alfarabi," written about 1819, at all events before he went to Oxford. From every standpoint it is a most remarkable production for a boy of sixteen. Mr. Gosse says that this "rhapsody displays a very singular adroitness in the manufacture of easy blank verse, and precocious tendency to a species of mocking metaphysics." A few lines are of real beauty, and the poem as a whole shows an unusual appreciation of Nature and a rare discrimination in word shades:

One snow-winged cloud,
To wander slowly down the trembling blue;
A wind that stops and pants along the grass,
Trembles and flies again like thing pursued;
And indescribable, delightful sounds,
Which dart along the sky, we know not whence;

Bees we have to hum, shrill-noted swallows
With their small, lightning wings, to fly about
And tilt against the waters.

The poem is a story of a man who seeks to know "the secret and the spell of life," and this motive is the beginning of the thread of thought which can be traced throughout all of Beddoes's writings and studies—the desire to solve the mystery of life and death. There is much doggerel in the poem, but as a whole it gives high promise of things to come. Curiously enough, it contains nearly all the traits of his later writings, wonderful imaginative faculty, delicate fancy, and a love of the ghastly picturesque. The last-named quality is easily recognized:

As he who stalks by night,
With the ghost's step, the shaggy murderer
Leaves passed the dreamy city's sickly lamps.
Then through the torrid twilight did they plunge
The universe's suburb; dwelling dim
Of all that sin and suffer; midnight shrieks
Upon the water, when no help is near;
The blood-choked curse of him who dies in bed
By torchlight, with a dagger in his heart;
The parricidal and incestuous laugh;
And the last cries of those whom devils hale
Quick *into* hell.

The most interesting fact in connection with this poem is the unmistakable influence of Milton, both in the choice of polysyllabic words and in the free use of the *cæsura*; a few lines (possibly sixty) have the full echo of the majestic swing and cadence of Milton's blank verse. Compare these lines with passages from the first book of Milton's "*Paradise Lost*:"

It was within a space
Upon the very boundary and brim
Of the whole universe, the outer edge
Which seemed almost to end the infinite zone;
A chasm in the Almighty thoughts, forgotten
By the Omnipotent, a place apart
Like some great ruinous dream of broken worlds
Trembling through heaven, or Tartarus' panting jaws
Open above the sun. Sky there was none,
Nor earth, nor water; but confusion strange
Of bursted worlds, and brazen pinions vast

Of planets shipwrecked; many a wrinkled sun
 Ate to the core by worms, with lightnings crushed;
 And drossy bolts, melting like noonday snow.
 Old towers of heaven were there, and fragments bright
 Of the cerulean battlements o'erthrown
 When the gods struggled for the throne of light.

Beddoes's next production, "The Improvisatore," published in 1821 at Oxford by J. Vincent, and in London by Whittaker, was written before Beddoes was eighteen. The poem is written in three fyttes, with an introduction to each. The introduction in each case furnishes the motive for the song which follows. While the verse is not without defect, it shows metrical skill and sense of melody. The tone of the whole poem is morbid. The descriptions of feminine beauty show remarkable powers of observation in one so young, as where in the first fytte he describes Emily:

Those eyes were of a beauteous melting blue,
 Like a dark violet bathed in quivering dew;
 Her mouth seemed formed for signs of sportive guile
 And youthful kisses; and there played a smile
 About her lips, like an inconstant moth
 Around a flower, now settling, and now flown
 Into every passing breath, as though 'twere loth
 To stay and make the resting place its own.

Beddoes depicts Nature in her serener aspects with as much sane ease as he describes her in sterner moods; and with equal facility he describes dainty details of feminine beauty and flowers, or the horrible features of a charnel-house and great battlefield. Stanza xi. of the first fytte, and stanzas i., iv., v., vii. of the second fytte, illustrate this descriptive ability. The third fytte, "Leopold," surpasses both of these in repulsive, realistic details, and in the use of the supernatural element.

While Beddoes's scientific studies probably increased his tendency to dwell on gruesome subjects, and his natural tendency to gloom was aggravated by long association with Death, yet "The Improvisatore," written before he began scientific investigation, proves beyond a doubt that these qualities were innate. Note the description of the battlefield in "Leopold:"

The dead are all reeking, a ghastly heap
Slippery with gore, and with crushed bones steep;
As if the flesh had been snowed on the hills,
And dribbled away in blood-clammy rills,
A swamp of distorted faces it lay
And sweltered and throbbed in the broad day.
There was one who had fainted in battle's crash;
Now he struggled in vain with feeble splash
Under his warm tomb of motionless dead;
At last he dashed backward his bursting head,
And gasped in his hideous agony,
And ground his firm teeth, and darted his eyes;
Then wriggled his lips in the last prayer of death,
And mixed with the whirlwind his foamed breath.

In marked contrast to such horrible pictures, the pastoral love scenes in "Albert and Emily," and the lyric songs in "Rudolph," are very refreshing. Beddoes strikes a reflective note in the poem, unusual with him:

What is this life, that spins so strangely on
That, ere we grasp and feel it, it is gone?
Is it a vision? Are we sleeping now
In the sweet sunshine of another world?

The last stanza of "Leopold," where doom is represented as advancing, is quite dramatic. "Leopold" might be interpreted as an allegory of sin and its growth, with its attendant evils. The poem, though crude and immature in many respects, gives great promise of things to come, a promise, unfortunately, never fulfilled.

"The Bride's Tragedy" was published by the Rivingtons in 1822, and, while rare in this edition, is not so scarce as "The Improvisatore" in the edition of 1821. A second edition was published in 1851, and it appeared for the third time in the Gosse edition of 1890. Beddoes began "The Bride's Tragedy" during his first year at Oxford, and completed it in his second year, before he was nineteen. It attracted much contemporary criticism, notably an article in *Blackwood's Magazine* in December, 1823, Vol. 14, p. 723, in which the play is dubbed "as silly as might be—trifling to a degree that is quite refreshing," but promising. The drama attracted the attention of Bryan Waller Proctor, who gave the young poet great encouragement and became his lasting friend. In

1827 Beddoes writes: "I assure you that the approbation which you have pleased to bestow upon a very sad boyish affair, that 'Bride's Tragedy,' which I now would not even be condemned to read through for any consideration, appears to me a remarkable solecism of your otherwise sound literary judgment."

Beddoes discovered his plot for the drama among the forgotten legends of Oxford. A student, having married in secret the daughter of a manciple of one of the colleges, becomes entangled during the following vacation in a betrothal *de convenance* arranged by his father. Eventually the student falls in love with his betrothed, and desires the death of his bride. He is weak, and the desire soon becomes a design to murder her. The unsuspecting wife is enticed to a lonely retreat, murdered, and buried in the Divinity Walk. In the legend, the crime remains undiscovered until the murderer confesses it on his deathbed, but Beddoes has altered this to suit his purpose, and Nemesis follows, swift and sure.

The drama is written in easy blank verse. The first act opens with a graceful love scene between Hesperus and his bride, Floribel, in striking contrast to the dark scenes of guilt and crime which follow. There are many passages, such as the following, marked with delicate, ethereal fancy and Elizabethan conceits:

In Elfin annals old

'Tis writ how Zephyr, envious of his love
 (The love he bare to Summer, who, since then
 Has, weeping, visited the world), once found
 The baby Perfume, cradled in a violet;
 ('Twas said the beauteous bantling was the child
 Of a gay bee that in his wantonness
 Toyed with a pea bud in a lady's garland;)
 The felon winds, confederate with him,
 Bound the sweet slumberer with golden chains,
 Pulled from the wreathed laburnum, and together
 Deep cast him in the bosom of a rose,
 And fed the fettered wretch with dew and air.
 At length his soul, that was a lover's sigh,
 Issued from his body, and the guilty blossom
 His heart's blood stained. The twilight-haunting gnat

His requiem whined, and harebells tolled his knell;
And still the bee, in pied velvet dight,
With melancholy song from flower to flower
Goes seeking his lost offspring.

The long monologue of Floribel is marked with the same dainty imagery and delightful fancy. Act I., Scene 3, between Hesperus and his father, Lord Ernest, is the most powerful part of the tragedy, with the exception of the murder. The love scene between Hesperus and Olivia, his betrothed, is in a more serious vein than the scene between Hesperus and Floribel, and contains greater passion and strength. The first is all innocence, but the second is darkened by the shadow of guilt and crime. The speech of Olivia contains more power than any of Floribel's:

But what's to be without my Hesperus?
A life of dying. 'Tis to die each moment
In every several sense. To look despair,
Feel, taste, breathe, eat, be conscious of despair.
No, I'll be nothing rather.

Hesperus is weak, evil, treacherous, yet sometimes moved by good impulses. His character stands out in bold relief to that of Floribel—gentle, affectionate, innocent, yet strong in her love. When Hesperus determines upon her death, he says:

I would not have thee cross my path to-night.
There is an indistinct, dread purpose forming,
Something whose depth of wickedness appears
Hideous, incalculable, but inevitable.
Now it draws nearer, and I do not shudder.
Avaunt! haunt me no more. I dread it not,
But almost—hence! I must not be alone.

And again, of his shadow:

I know thee now—
'Tis Malice's eldest imp, the heir of hell,
Red-handed Murther. Slow it whispers me
Coaxingly with its serpent voice. Well sung,
Syren of Acheron.

It is interesting to compare the monologue of Hesperus before murdering Floribel with that of Macbeth before murdering Duncan. The personifications, epithets, and spirit of the two have a striking resemblance. When Hesperus

tells Floribel that she must die, her reply is full of resignation and pathos:

O, if thou will'st it, love,
If thou but speak it in thy natural voice
And smile upon me, I'll not think it pain,
But cheerfully I'll seek me out a grave
And sleep as sweetly as on Hesperus' breast.

Hesperus murders her, and, repenting almost instantly, he kisses her, and exclaims:

What a shriek was that! It flew to heaven,
And hymning angels took it for their own.

The murder scene, Act III., Scene 3, is very dramatic, as are the majority of the passages dealing with sin and crime. Beddoes strikes the chord of the darker passions with an almost master hand.

The plot of the drama is fit material for high tragedy, and Beddoes has handled it well. It is the only one of his dramas that has a central motive, and the only one possessing organic unity. Had Beddoes fulfilled with increasing years the promise that his play gave, he would have been a great dramatist, but instead he seems to have retrograded. "Death's Jest Book," the work of his maturer years, is a more polished production, but it has far less dramatic power, and no unity.

"The Bride's Tragedy," notwithstanding its vagueness of characterization and general haziness, has many good points. The horror of the tragedy and the superabundance of evil motives is relieved by scenes of tenderness and beauty, adorned with luxuriance of fancy. As the production of a youth of eighteen, one marvels at the excellencies and condones the defects. *Blackwood's Magazine* of December, 1823, says: "We sup full of horrors, but there are gay and fantastic garnishings and adornments of the repast, disposed quite in the manner and spirit of the great old masters."

It has been impossible to ascertain the exact chronological order of all the poems; but it is quite certain that "The Second Brother" and "Torrismond" were written between 1823 and 1825, while Beddoes was on a visit to Mr. Kelsall at Southampton. During the winter of 1823, Beddoes also began

"Love's Arrow Poisoned" and "The Last Man," neither of which was ever completed, and are now so fragmentary as to leave little trace of plot. Mr. Gosse states that "already Beddoes was seized with that inability to finish, that lack of organic principle of poetical composition, which were to prevent him from mounting to those heights to which his facility and brilliancy promised him so easy an ascent." In a letter to Mr. Kelsall, August 25, 1824, Beddoes wrote: "I depend very little on my poetical faculty, but it is my intention to complete one more tragedy." In September of the same year he again writes: "I find literary wishes fading very fast;" and in April, 1826, says, "I never could have been the real thing as a writer." This doubting of himself probably increased his natural inability to develop a plot, to evolve a character successfully, or in fact to achieve any desired end.

"The Second Brother" is incomplete, consisting of only three acts and two scenes of the fourth act. It derives its name from the return of the second brother, Marcello, long thought dead, to claim his heritage from the third brother, Orazeo, who believes himself the rightful owner in the order of succession to the dukedom. Upon his return in disguise, Marcello's love for Orazeo and the indulgence that he might have shown to the usurper are turned to hate and revenge by the cruel treatment that he receives. The accession of Marcello to the dukedom after the overthrow of Orazeo is highly dramatic; but here all continuity ceases, for the character of Marcello is too poorly drawn to be able to foresee any satisfaction that he may derive from his revenge, or what the outcome of the whole will be. The characterization of Marcello is similar to the description of him by his servant, Ezriel:

A fathomless and undiscovered man,
Thinking above the eagle's highest wings
And underneath the world.

Act I., Scene 2., between Orazeo and the wife whom he has deserted contains many fine passages and shows much human sympathy, a rather unusual element in Beddoes's writings. Orazeo's ruin is complete when the father of his deserted

wife buys up all the mortgages on Orazio's private estate, and drives him from his home. There is a marked resemblance between Valeria, Orazio's wife, and Floribel, of "The Bride's Tragedy." A splendid passage occurs in a dialogue between Valeria and an attendant:

Do I love? I walk
Within the brilliance of another's thought
As in a glory. I was dark before
As Venus' chapel in the black of night:
Then love came
Like the outbursting of a trodden star,
And what before was hueless and unseen
Now shows me a divinity, like that
Which raised to life out of the snowy rock,
Surpassed mankind's creation, and repaid
Heaven for Pandora.

Valeria appeals to Marcello for mercy:

I have a plea,
As dewy-piteous as the gentle ghost's,
That sits alone upon the forest grave,
Thinking of no revenge. I have a mandate
As magical and as potent as e'er ran
Silently through a battle's myriad veins,
Undid their fingers from the hanging steel,
And drew them up in prayer; I am a woman.

There is an obvious contradiction in the statement that Valeria's body is disfigured from drowning after a very few hours in the water. Here the manuscript stops abruptly, and it is impossible to anticipate the climax. The drama shows no advance over "The Bride's Tragedy," is less promising in the evolution of a coherent plot, and has less lyrical beauty than the other dramas.

"Torrismond" belongs to the same period of production as "The Second Brother," and is still less near completion, consisting of only one act, but that act contains a song which is one of the most famous of Beddoes's lyrical productions. In the fragment we have glimpses of a son indulged excessively, and in turn brooked with fierce restraint by his father. The drinking revel, Scene 2, is good, while the soliloquy of Torrismond, when he finds Veronica asleep, shows considerable descriptive powers. Like the Elizabethans, one phrase

expands into another, until there are explanatory clauses within explanatory clauses. Some of the best passages are these:

This very night we both may die,
Or one at least; and it is very likely
We never meet, or if we meet, not thus;
But somehow kindred by the times, the place,
The persons. There are many chances else,
That, though no bigger than a sunny mote,
Coming between, may our whole future part—
. . . it may sever us
As utterly as if the world should split
Here, as we stand, and all eternity
Push through the earthquake's lips and rise between us.
Then let us know each other's constancy;
Thou in my mind, and I in thine shall be;
And so dissepable to the edge
Of thinnest lightning.

As a final pledge, Veronica answers:

As I believe thee steadfast and sincere;
And if it be not so, God pity me!
I love thee purely, dearly, heartily.
So witness heaven and our own silent spirits.

To which Torrismond replies:

And by my immortality, I swear
With the like honesty, the like to thee.

Gaudentio, interfering between the angry father and his son, says to the father:

There stands before you
The youth and golden top of your existence,
Another life of yours; for think your morning
Not lost, but given, passed from your hand to his.

And, speaking of the father to the son, he says:

Remember there's a kind of God in him,
And after him, the next of thy religion.

Gaudentio fails to reconcile them, and Torrismond says in his despair:

How many things, sir, do men live to do?
The mighty labor is to die; we'll do it,
But we'll drive in a chariot to our graves,
Wheeled with big thunder o'er the heads of men.

Of Act II. there is only one line, and the manuscript ends abruptly.

"The Last Man," of which Beddoes, in February, 1824, wrote: "Proctor has the brass to tell me he likes that fool, 'The Last Man.'" The play has no trace of a plot; but Mr. Gosse has pieced together scattered fragments which were evidently intended to form parts of a five-act tragedy. In another letter Beddoes says of "The Last Man:" "There are three first acts in my drama; when I have got two more, I shall stick them together, and stick the sign of a fellow tweedling a mask in his fingers, with 'good entertainment for man and ass' understood." These three acts were lost or destroyed, for no trace of them exists. In 1827 he writes from Göttingen that he expects to embody "The Last Man" in "The Jest Book." The only characters mentioned are Diamene, lamenting the death of her lover, Casimir, and an attendant. The fragment is not so rich in beautiful passages as some of the other dramas, but there are some worthy of note:

Is it not sweet to die? For what is death
But sighing that we ne'er may sigh again,
Getting at length beyond our tedious selves;
But trampling the last tear from poisonous sorrow,
Spilling our woes, crushing our frozen hopes,
And passing like an incense out of man?
Then, if the body felt, what were its sense,
Turning to daisies gently in the grave,
If not the soul's most delicate delight
When it does filtrate through the pores of thought
In love and the enameled flowers of song?

Again:

Yet men die suddenly;
One sits upon a strong and rocky life,
Watching a street of many opulent years,
And Hope's his mason. Well, to-day do this,
And so to-morrow; twenty hollow years
Are stuffed with action. Lo! upon his head
Drops a pin's point of time. Tick! quoth the clock,
And the grave snaps him.

From the dates given in his letters, it would seem that Beddoes had four unfinished plays in progress at one time—the last three discussed, and a fourth, "Love's Arrow Poi-

soned. It is scarcely to be wondered at under these conditions that they were never finished. The fragments of "Love's Arrow Poisoned" show the unmistakable influence of Webster and Tourneur. The raving of Erminia against Nature, and her cruelty in particular, is much like Webster. The whole consists of only four scenes of the first act.

"Death's Jest Book, or the Fool's Tragedy," the best known of Beddoes's writings, was begun at Oxford in 1825, and practically finished in 1826, although he continued to enlarge and alter it until 1844. On the 8th of July, 1825, he wrote Mr. Kelsall from Oxford: "I do not intend to finish that Second Brother that you saw, but am thinking of a very Gothic-styled tragedy, for which I have a jewel of a name—'Death's Jest Book.' Of course no one will ever read it." In December of the same year: "'Death's Jest Book' goes on like the tortoise, slow but sure; I think it will be entertaining, very unamiable, and utterly unpopular." April 1, 1826, he reported the fourth and fifth acts more than half done; "so that at last it will be a perfect mouse, but such doggerel," and added that if it is ever finished it will come "like an electric shock among the smaller critics." From Göttingen in 1826 he wrote that it is "done and done for." In 1844, from Giessen, in a letter to Mr. Kelsall, Beddoes quoted two songs that he had just finished, "The Swallow Leaves Her Nest" and "In Lover's Ear a Wild Voice Cried," and says that "he has stuck them into the endless J. B." This work, the link between his literary life at Oxford and his scientific studies on the Continent, is the one effort of his life to which he adhered with any perseverance. Although Beddoes with great effort completed it, the play is not the result of spontaneous inspiration, but the laborious work of many years, into which he interpolated stray thoughts, fragments of other dramas, and odd lyric songs. The effect is a conglomeration of the various ideas of a lifetime.

Beddoes thought of publishing "Death's Jest Book" in 1828, and again in 1831, but it did not appear until 1850, when Mr. Kelsall published it anonymously. Three texts were found among the manuscripts, the first called "Charonic

Steps." The second is that which Mr. Kelsall adhered to in the main; the third contained only one act. Mr. Gosse, in his edition of 1890, has used Mr. Kelsall's edition.

The contemporary criticism (in 1850) was very flattering. Walter Savage Landor wrote that "Nearly two centuries have elapsed since a work of the same wealth of genius has been given to the world," and John Forster said: "We must frankly say we are not acquainted with any living author who could have written 'The Fool's Tragedy.'" Unfortunately for Beddoes's literary fame, posterity does not seem to have concurred in these flattering estimates, and "Death's Jest Book," the one object to which he was constant, remains obscure. The drama was reviewed anonymously in the *Eclectic Magazine*, Vol. XXIV., p. 446 (the same article appeared in the *Living Age* of November 15, 1851), praising "Death's Jest Book" in the highest terms. Among other things, the writer says: "The merit of 'Death's Jest Book' does not depend on philosophic delineations of the *dramatis personæ* (it is well that it does not, as there is practically no delineation of character) and nice gradations in their development, but the story is powerfully and graphically told." It is probable that Mr. Kelsall wrote the article, since it closely resembles a signed article by him in the *Fortnightly*, July, 1872; and if so, some allowance must be made for his personal feeling for the author, inasmuch as the story is not powerfully unfolded, there is no coherence of action, no continuity of plot, and, above all, no great motion or purpose around which all else centers and depends.

The drama is based on the disputed historical fact that Duke Boleslaus, of Münsterberg, in Silesia, was murdered by his court fool. The scene is Silesia and the time is the thirteenth century. The infant sons of the murdered man are sent into exile. Reaching manhood, they return and seek revenge. One of them, Wolfram, becomes greatly attached to his father's slayer, and discards the idea of revenge; the second, Isbrand, the more revengeful of the two, becomes the court fool. It is evident that Beddoes intended to duplicate the incident of the reigning duke, himself formerly a

court fool, now a murderer and usurper, being in turn murdered by his own court fool, and that Isbrand should be the avenger of his father; but, "like an untrained terrier among members of a quarry," he was diverted hither and thither, and in the end evolved no one thought or plot to a climax. The usurper, Duke Melveric, is taken captive by the Moors, and Scene 1, of Act I., is the departure of Wolfram to rescue him. Isbrand upbraids him brother for his failure to avenge their father, and Isbrand is left to his solitary revenge. After the rescue of the Duke has been effected, he and Melveric become enamored of the same woman, Sibylla, and the ungrateful Duke slays his thrice-rescuer, Wolfram. The first act closes dramatically with the death of Wolfram and with the beautiful lyric:

The swallow leaves her nest,
The soul my weary breast;
But therefore let the rain
 On my grave
Fall pure; for why complain,
Since this will come again
 O'er the wave?

The wind, dead leaves, and snow
Doth scurry to and fro;
And, once, a day shall break
 O'er the wave,
When a storm of ghosts shall shake
The dead until they wake
 In the grave.

In meter and cadence this song suggests Shelley, but in etherealness and grace it is not equal to him. The Dirge, at the opening of Act II., Scene 1,

If thou wilt ease thine heart
Of love and all its smart,

also shows Shelley's influence upon Beddoes.

In Act I., which is the best part of "Death's Jest Book," many passages show skill and power:

What's this thought,
Shapeless and shadowy, that keeps wheeling round,
Like a dumb creature that sees coming danger
And breaks its heart trying in vain to speak?

I knew the moment; 'tis a dreadful one,
Which in the life of every one comes once;
When, for the frightened, hesitating soul,
High heaven and luring sin with promises
Bid and contend; oft the faltering spirit,
O'ercome by the fair, fascinating fiend,
Gives her eternal heritage of life
For one caress, for one triumphant crime.

And again:

Many the ways, the little home is one;
Thither the course leads, thither the helm,
And at one gate we meet when all is done.

The speech of Isbrand at the close of Scene 1, and of Ziba at the end of Scene 2, of the same act, are very indicative of Beddoes's usual trend of thought.

From the beginning of Act II., we are confused by haziness of motive and characterization, by plots and counterplots, until it is impossible to follow the leading thought that Beddoes would define—each scene seems a part unto itself. The leading motif of Act I.—the Duke's passion for Sibylla, extinguished by remorse—has been abandoned, and a plot against Duke Melveric by Isbrand and the Duke's sons, Adalmar and Athulf, takes its place. This motif is in turn supplanted by Adalmar and Athulf's love for the same woman. The marriage of Adalmar to Amala follows, and Athulf slays Adalmar. The occult element is now introduced, and Zeba, an Arab, raises Wolfram from the dead. He consorts with the living most freely by day and by night without comment from them, and seems to be of substantial flesh. Beddoes manages this part by means of the introduction of a Hebrew legend, for which authority is found in rabbinical literature, that a bone exists in the body, "Aldabaron," called by the Hebrews "Luz," which "withstands dissolution after death," and out of which it is possible to raise the body, and by means of which God will re-create the body at the Resurrection. This bone, according to Mr. Gosse, was the os coccygis, a bone beneath the eighteenth vertebra.

The drama closes with only one thing clear—that Beddoes intended to make as clean sweep of the stage by means of the death of the *dramatis personæ* as Kyd does in his

"Spanish Tragedy" and Death, to whom the drama is dedicated, reigns supreme. The proportions of the supernatural elements of lust for revenge and of Death, are used more than is palatable even in blood-and-thunder tragedy. Even when due allowance is made for the belief in the supernatural that prevailed in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, it is scarcely probable that this drama would have received credence at that time, and the effect on an audience of the present day might be psychologically interesting. Beddoes, in a letter dated February, 1829, says that it should be the typical aim of a dramatist to produce a drama to be *acted*, and that its fitness for this purpose is the most thorough test. It is scarcely to be credited that he thought "Death's Jest Book" practical for presentation on the stage, for his perception of his own shortcomings was ordinarily so keen, it is not likely that he was deceived in this instance. He must therefore have written "Death's Jest Book" solely for his own amusement.

The play as a whole presents a motley mixture; the Macabresque influence of the thirteenth century is seen in the Dance of Death, Act V., Scene 4, where the figures in a painted representation of the Dance of Death in the cathedral cloister come out of the walls and dance. Beddoes probably borrowed this from some old German interpretation of the "Totentanz." The Rosicrucian influence of the fifteenth century is present in the use of the occult, where Wolfram is raised from the dead. Interspersed with these two incongruous elements, and further enhancing the strange effect, is the German metaphysics of the nineteenth century. "Death's Jest Book" seems but the overflow, the excrescence of unassimilated knowledge, and not the natural development of a genius. It is apparent that Beddoes did not improve or develop beyond the "Bride's Tragedy," with the exception of greater perfection of meter and lyric grace. In dramatic power he had declined. Yet the drama is not without interest or merit; the originality, the startling conception, and the beauty of isolated passages make it worth the reading; as a unit, it is a deplorable failure. Mr. Browning said of it: "Now

as to the extracts which might be made, why, you might pick out scenes, passages, lyrics, fine as might be; the power of the man is immense and irresistible." This opinion sums up all of its virtues and seems even a little extravagant in the light of its many defects, but it is certainly, from any view-point, a most remarkable production, on account of the originality of its subject-matter and the great beauty and power of many passages. Beddoes did not erect the "Gothic-styled tragedy," of which he wrote, stately in its grand outlines and convergence to a central plan or idea, but he produced instead a literary structure of loosely strung parts, some of exaggerated power and beauty, and some of diminutive dimension, the whole presenting an inharmonious effect. The beauty of some parts does not atone for the ugliness of others.

It is upon Beddoes's lyrics that his claim to fame rests; it is in these that he displays most gift for melody, harmony, and technical skill. But for the inevitable sinister note that mars the lyrical feeling, these lyrics could be called almost the consummate art of verse-making. What could be more sweet and exquisite than the love-song in "Torrismond?"

How many times do I lose thee, dear?
 Tell me how many thoughts there be
 In the atmosphere
 Of a new-fall'n year,
 Whose white and sable hours appear
 The latest flake of Eternity;
 So many times do I love thee, dear.

How many times do I love again?
 Tell me how many beads there are
 In a silver chain
 Of evening rain
 Unraveled from the trembling main,
 And threading the eye of a yellow star;
 So many times do I love again.

"A Dirge" is profound in its beauty and melancholy:

To-day is a thought, a fear is to-morrow,
 And yesterday is our sin and sorrow;
 And life is a death,
 Where the body's the tomb,

And the pale, sweet breath
Is buried alive in its hideous gloom.
Then waste no tear,
For we are the dead; the living are here
In the stealing earth, and the heavy bier.
Death lives but an instant, and is but a sign,
And his son is unnamed Immortality,
Whose being is time. Dear ghost, so to die
Is to live—and life is a worthless lie.
Then we weep for ourselves, and wish thee good-by.

A second "Dirge" is very artistic:

To her couch of evening rest,
'Neath the sun's divinest west,
Bear we, in the silent car,
This consumed incense star,
This dear maid whose life is shed,
And whose sweets are sweetly dead.

Mr. Gosse has called "Dream Pedlary" the most exquisite of Beddoes's lyrics. While it is very charming, it is not free from the sinister touch in which Beddoes so delights. The first three stanzas are the most beautiful:

If there were dreams to sell,
What would you buy?
Some cost a passing bell,
Some a light sigh,
That shakes from Life's fresh crown
Only a rose leaf down.
If there were dreams to sell,
Merry and sad to tell,
And the crier rung the bell,
What would you buy?

A cottage lone and still,
With bowers nigh,
Shadowy my woes to still,
Until I die.
Such pearl from Life's fresh crown
Fain would I shake me down.
Were dreams to have at will,
This would best heal my ill,
This would I buy.

But there were dreams to sell.
Ill didst thou buy;
Life is a dream, they tell,
Waking, to die.

Dreaming a dream to prize,
Is wishing ghosts to rise;
And, if I had the spell
To call the buried well,
Which one would I?

In a letter written from Göttingen in 1836, Beddoes inclosed a poem, from which the following extract has been taken. It is one of the very few places where Beddoes strikes a high ethical note:

Take thy example from the sunny lark,
Throw off the mantle which conceals the soul,
The many-cited world, and seek thy goal
Straight as a star beam falls. Creep not nor climb
As they who plan their topmost of sublime
On some peak of this planet pitifully.
Dart eaglewise with open wings, and fly
Until you meet the gods. Thus counsel I.
The men who can, but tremble to be great—
Cursed be the fool who taught to hesitate,
And to regret; time lost most bitterly.

The "Ballad of Human Life," three stanzas representing the three stages of life, boy and girl, lad and lass, man and wife, is very human. There are a number of other lyrics, such as "The Swallow Leaves Her Nest," "If Thou Wilt Ease Thine Heart," "Love in Idleness," "Song by Siegfried," and "Aho, Aho, Love's Horn Doth Blow," especially the first two, that are excellent and deserve to be better known. While it must be acknowledged that there is a monotony about them, showing that as a lyrist Beddoes was of a high order, but not of wide range, yet the most prejudiced critic could not but conclude that the "Love Song" from Torrismond, "Dream Pedlary," and "The Swallow Leaves Her Nest" are exquisite, and rank among the best of their kind in the language.

In striking contrast to these poems, there is a second class which Mr. Gosse has classified as the poems of "Grisly Humour." "Song of the Stygian Naiades," "Lord Alcohol," "Adam, the Carrion Crow," "Song of Isbrand," from "Death's Jest Book," "Harpagus' Ballad," and the "Dance of Death" are instances which vie with each other in grotesque and repulsive fancy.

SONG.

Old Adam, the carrion crow,
The old crow of Cairo;
He sat in the shower and let it flow
Under his tail and over his crest;
And through every feather
Leaked the wet weather;
And the bough swung under his nest;
For his beak it was heavy with marrow.
Is that the wind dying? O, no;
It's only two devils that blow
Through a murderer's bones, to and fro,
In the ghost's moonshine.

Ho! Eve, my gray carrion wife,
When we have supped on king's marrow,
Where shall we drink and make merry our life?
Our nest it is Queen Cleopatra's skull,
'Tis cloven and cracked,
And battered and hacked,
But with tears of blue eyes it is full;
Let us drink then, my raven of Cairo.
Is that the wind dying? O, no;
It's only two devils that blow
Through a murderer's bones, to and fro,
In the ghost's moonshine.

They are too gruesome for enjoyment, but are rather to be wondered at as objects in a museum, and to be preserved for their variety of species rather than on account of their literary excellence.

"The Boding Dreams" and "From the German" show the effect of German mysticism and metaphysics. The "Romance of the Lily" and "The Ghost's Moonshine," belong to the same category, and, judging from their tone, were probably written after Beddoes went to Germany. They fairly repel one with their ghastliness and uncanniness of conception.

In addition to his gift as a lyricist, Beddoes shows great facility as a prose writer in his letters, which were collected and published by Mr. Gosse in 1894. Mr. Swinburne has said that Beddoes's "noble instinct for poetry was demonstrated in his letters more than in his poetry, and that his brilliant correspondence on poetical questions gives me a higher view of his fine and vigorous intelligence than any

other section of his literary remains." The letters cover a period from 1824 to 1849, and are in the main written to Mr. Kelsall and Mr. Proctor. They exhibit the reserve which always characterized Beddoes, and give little insight into his personality or the details of his life on the Continent, but they are replete with interesting literary criticisms and original ideas on various subjects. While it cannot be said that Beddoes was always correct in his literary criticisms—he attacked Goethe most unmercifully—yet as a usual thing he showed great discrimination. His estimate of Shelley's great genius, expressed in one of his letters written at the time of Shelley's death, was long before a general recognition came.

What would he not have done, if ten years more, that will be wasted upon the lives of unprofitable knaves and fools, had been given to him? Was it that more of the beautiful and good that Nature could spare to him was incarnate in him, and that it was necessary to resume it for distribution through the external and internal worlds? How many springs will blossom with his thoughts—how many fair and glorious creations be born of his extinction?

Beddoes esteemed Shelley and Keats most of all of his contemporaries, and his admiration for Shakespeare falls little short of worship. Of Shakespeare he says:

He was an incarnation of Nature; and you might just as well attempt to remodel the reasons and the laws of life and death as to alter "one jot or tittle" of his eternal strength. "A star," you call him. If he was a star, all the other stage scribblers can hardly be called a constellation of brass buttons. I say he was a universe, and all material existence, with its excellencies and its defects, was reflected in shadowy thought upon the crystal waters of his imagination, ever glorified as they were by the sleepless sun of his golden intellect. And this imaginary universe had its seasons and changes, its harmonies and its discords, as well as the dirty reality.

The letters contain many passages of this character, bits of gossip, much sarcastic humor, and many sallies of wit; all perfectly free from the melancholy and cynicism of his poetry. It would be difficult to find more racy, living expression of thought, with deep appreciation of all things beautiful in literature and art, than in these letters. The letter to Mr. Proctor from Milan, June 8, 1824, is one of the best in the

collection, and the description that it contains of the firefly is poetry in prose:

And what else have I seen? A beautiful and far-famed insect—do not mistake. I mean neither the emperor nor the king of Sardinia, but a much finer specimen—the firefly. Their bright light is evanescent and alternates with the darkness, as if the swift wheeling of the earth struck fire out of the black atmosphere; as if the winds were being set upon this planetary grindstone and gave out such momentary sparks from their edges. Their silence is more striking than their flashes, for sudden phenomena are almost invariably attended with some noise; but these little jewels dart along in the dark as softly as butterflies. For their light, it is not nearly so beautiful and poetical as our still companions of the dew—the glow worm and the drop of moonlight.

The volume contains many other passages of equal beauty and interest.

Beddoes had vast power of conception and mastery of rhythm, combined with "a delicate fancy and a strange choiceness of phrase," but he lacked universal sympathy and the power to express the vital emotions. "The Bride's Tragedy," one of his earliest productions, shows more knowledge of human nature than any of his succeeding dramas, which, probably on account of his solitary life, have less and less sympathy with humanity. His writings were of the head and not the heart; he studied literature, not life.

Beddoes has been called a "belated Elizabethan, who strayed into the nineteenth century." He had little in common with his contemporaries, but belongs rather to the school that was founded by Kyd, sustained by Marlowe, perfected in Shakespeare's "Hamlet," and illustrated in its decadence by Marston, Webster, and Tourneur. It was revived for only a last gasp by Beddoes. The influence of Shakespeare, Webster, and Tourneur is felt in his works, and, notwithstanding his strong originality of conception, there is little that does not show the direct influence of some one of the Elizabethans. Beddoes resembles Tourneur and Webster in style, but, while they reek with moral filth, Beddoes is always chaste and distinguished. A judgment expressed in the article in the ninth edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," is interesting: "Beddoes borrowed nothing either from his Elizabethan precursors or the chief objects of his

admiration among his contemporaries, Keats and Shelley." While Beddoes was in no sense a plagiarist, his debt to the writers must be acknowledged.

It is to the Romantic movement of the early nineteenth century that Beddoes is most closely allied. His affectation of the sinister and melancholy, his return to the mediæval, as in "Death's Jest Book," his admiration for the Elizabethans, and particularly his employment of Gothic and supernatural machinery, are but the growth and outcome against eighteenth century classicism. Beddoes represents the fusion of the English and the German revolt against conventionality; as a natural consequence the pendulum of Beddoes's genius swung to the other extreme of utter improbability. In this respect he may be classed with Horace Walpole and Mrs. Radcliffe, the chief exponents of Gothic romance. Moreover, there are curiously interesting resemblances between Beddoes and that group of eighteenth century poets known as the Graveyard School. The implements of verse used by this school, such as tomb, ravens, owls, skeletons, and ghosts, are found in Beddoes's verse, plus murders, suicides, grinning ghosts, carrion crows, charnel houses, prisons, and biers. Gray could not write of Eton boys, happy at play, without thinking

How all around them wait
For monsters of human fate
And black Misfortune's baleful train.

Beddoes, with even greater pessimism, sees Death everywhere:

Sleeping, or feigning sleep, well done of her; 'tis trying on a garb
Which she must wear, sooner or late, long: 'tis but a warmer, lighter death.

Both are amorous of misfortune, death, and the tomb.

Beddoes's genius is undeniable, but it is limited in scope. Had he developed naturally from the time of the writing of "The Bride's Tragedy," he would have won a great literary fame; but his genius was stunted by his scientific studies and by the disuse of his own language. Browning once said of him: "If I were a professor of poetry, my first lecture at the university would be on 'Beddoes, a forgotten Oxford poet.' "

Notwithstanding such generous praise, time has demonstrated that Beddoes belongs, not to the highways, but to the byways of literature, which are none the less original and exquisite in certain parts because of their remoteness, but trod only by lovers of the rare.

One is reminded by Mrs. Andrew Crosse of a striking coincidence in the lives of Coleridge and Beddoes; both poets were influenced by German thought, and the poetical genius of each was blunted by German metaphysics.

Beddoes was so dissatisfied with life that he was ever seeking to solve the impenetrable mystery of life and death; it may even be said that Death is the eternal note in his song. The 20th of April, 1827, he writes from Göttingen that "I am already so thoroughly convinced of the absurdity and unsatisfactory nature of human life that I search with avidity for every shadow of a proof or probability of an after existence, both in the material and immaterial nature of man, . . . for which Nature appears to have pointed one solution—Death." Mr. Gosse says that "Beddoes dedicates himself to the service of Death, not with a brooding sense of the terror and shame of mortality, but from a love of the picturesque pageantry of it, the majesty and somber beauty, the swift theatrical transitions, the combined elegance and horror that wait upon the sudden decease of monarchs."

Beddoes seems never to have contemplated death with spiritual hope. At times he views death with dread, with scorn, or with laughter; again with admiration of its power and malignity; but rarely with hope, and then it is the tolerant hope of the Stoic, never with the belief that death is the spiritual consummation of life.

Lament! I'd have thee do it;
The heaviest raining is the briefest shower.
Death is the one condition of our life;
To murmur were unjust; our buried sire
Yielded their seats to us, and we shall give
Our elbow-room of sunshine to our sons.
From first to last the traffic must go on,
Still birth for death. Shall we remonstrate then?
Millions have died that we might breathe this day;
The first of all might murmur, but not we.
Grief is unmanly too.

Again and again he says that "Life is a dream, and death is the waking," but he never reasons beyond this point. The material seems ever to dominate the spiritual.

Despite a passion for energy and action, Beddoes's life shows the same defect seen in his schooldays. After becoming acquainted with a subject, he soon tired of it, and abandoned further effort in that direction before attaining perfection, ever following a will-o'-the-wisp which flitted from one object of learning to another. His conduct of life lacked sustained effort just as his dramas lacked sustained dramatic action and organic unity. There is no master motive in his life, as there is no master motive in his dramas, and the same haziness which surrounds his own purposes obscures the motions of his characters. This is the more deplorable, since Beddoes possessed unusual and strikingly original qualities of mind—gifts which should have made him a great poet instead of a minor nineteenth century lyricist.

BARNETTE MILLER.

A PIONEER IN ANGLO-SAXON.

IN an article entitled "The Study of English in the South" (SEWANEE REVIEW, II., 180), Prof. Henneman, of the University of the South, writes as follows (p. 184): "It was likewise another Virginian, Louis F. Klipstein, a graduate of Hampden-Sidney College, who somehow or other got over to a German university, and in order to show his interest in the subject as early as the forties began the publication of the first Anglo-Saxon texts in America—the Gospels, and two volumes of selections, besides a grammar. . . ." Quoting once more (p. 187), "Randolph-Macon College would have deserved notice for devoting a separate chair to English literature as early as 1836, almost from its inception, and Edward Dromgoole Sims (a Master of Arts of the University of North Carolina) gave a course in historical English in the year 1839. He was installed in that year as professor of English, after a stay in Europe, where he heard lectures on Anglo-Saxon. Tradition tells how, having no text-books, he used the blackboards for his philological work. At the end of three years he removed to the University of Alabama in consequence of having contracted a marriage not then allowed under the laws of Virginia. He was preparing a series of text-books in Old English, tradition again says, when he died, in 1845. Had he accomplished his purpose, these works would have preceded Klipstein's in point of time."

Dame Rumor, for once at least, has proved herself truthful, and it is the discovery of these traditional text-books which has led to the writing of this paper.

On July 8, 1890, the Rev. J. Stephan found several note-books in a second-hand bookstore in St. Louis, and, noticing the name of Prof. Sims on the title-page, he purchased the lot and sent them to the Librarian at Randolph-Macon College, from whom it was my privilege to obtain them. The entire lot consists of four notebooks, in which are found, in addi-

tion, many loose leaves which contain notes on various subjects, the entries extending from 1827 to 1844. The third notebook contains the beginning of an Anglo-Saxon dictionary, bibliographies, and notes on grammar. The fourth book contains a second attempt at an Anglo-Saxon dictionary, over which the author has written his Anglo-Saxon grammar, advice to speakers, sermons, etc. The remainder of the notes relates mainly to his private life.

Prof. Edward Dromgoole Sims was born in Brunswick County, Va., March 24, 1805. His father united the callings of planter and physician, and in his later years became a minister of the gospel. Prof. Sims received the usual education of a child of that period, being sent from one private school to another, and at times being instructed at home. In his youth he was not noted for his brilliancy as a pupil; but in July, 1820, at the age of sixteen, he entered the Freshman class of the University of North Carolina, in which he gained first rank for scholarship. His course consisted of arithmetic, algebra, Sallust, Virgil's Georgics, Cicero, Græca Minora, Græca Majora, Xenophon, modern and ancient geography—surely not a preponderance of the modern languages. He took his A.B. degree in 1824, and his A.M. degree in 1827, and was for three years a tutor at the university, presumably in the years 1824-27. After obtaining his A.M. degree he made a tour of the Western States, going as far as St. Louis.

Randolph-Macon College was opened for students on October 9, 1832, and Edward D. Sims, then professor in La Grange College, Alabama, was elected to the chair of Languages. He was an enthusiastic teacher of English, and, being unable to procure Anglo-Saxon text-books, he wrote the elementary exercises upon the blackboard. He frequently emphasized the importance of having a good command of language, and regarded the thorough and radical study of the English language as the great means for gaining a true knowledge and just appreciation of our own literature. The trustees were so impressed with the value of his course that in June, 1835, they granted him leave of absence to visit Europe, in order that he might prosecute the study of Mod-

ern Languages, and particularly of Anglo-Saxon and Gothic, preparatory to a more thorough teaching of the English language, one of the first moves in such a direction made by any college in America. George F. Pierce was elected to fill Prof. Sims's place as professor of Languages, and in June, 1836, the Rev. Mr. Tomlinson was elected to fill the chair of English Literature until Prof. Sims's return from Europe.

Prof. Sims returned from Europe in 1838, and assumed the chair of English Literature and Oriental Languages. From his diary we know that he studied at Halle, and also paid a visit to Leipzig. His chief friend and companion at Halle appears to have been Prof. Tholuck, under whom he also took lectures. At a called meeting of the Board of Trust of Randolph-Macon College, held in April, 1842, Prof Sims tendered his resignation. The law of Virginia at that time prohibited a person from marrying the sister of his deceased wife. Prof. Sims was about to marry Miss Annie Andrews, the daughter of Prof. E. A. Andrews, the father of his first wife, and he was therefore compelled to leave the State in order to effect the marriage. His loss was much regretted by the trustees and friends of the college, particularly as there was no one to fill his position in the special English course. He was then elected to the chair of English in the University of Alabama, where he formulated a course of instruction in English based on the Anglo-Saxon, similar to the one he had taught at Randolph-Macon. Here it was that he worked upon his Anglo-Saxon dictionary and grammar, the remains of which have come into our hands. There are also portions of his notes which indicate that he had intended writing an English grammar. He died in the spring of 1845, before the completion of either work. The only male member of the family named Sims now living informs me that Prof. Sims helped Prof. Andrews, his father-in-law, in the compilation of the Latin Grammar, known as Andrews and Stoddard's Latin Grammar.

I have found it rather difficult to collect further data with regard to his life; even that which I have succeeded in obtaining has often been of the most untrustworthy nature,

the family Bible having occasionally proved inferior to the college catalogue as a source of information. He has left us a faithful diary, extending from his earliest days through his Freshman year at the University of North Carolina. From this we learn that he came of good stock, members of his family having been prominent in the Virginia Legislature, that a stubborn tongue always hindered his rapid advance in the speaking of foreign languages, and that he was also a preacher of the gospel. He was a lover of travel, and has left us a record of a trip to Andover, Mass., which he made in July, 1834, for the purpose of studying Hebrew. His disposition as shown in the diary may be characterized as sensitive, methodical, and deeply religious.

One of his pupils at Randolph-Macon has written of him as follows: "He was a man of marked personal appearance, of great dignity and gentlemanly manner, and a most devoted Christian. Though not endowed by nature with the mental powers of others of his associates, he nevertheless by industrious application became a fine scholar and a model professor. He was a high man in person and every way, and was also thoroughly imbued with the love of his native English." (Irby's History of Randolph-Macon College, p. 43.)

The dictionary is in an unfinished condition. In one volume he has set down in alphabetical order a large number of Anglo-Saxon words from *A* to *W*, and opposite them he has made various notes in pencil, such as *an*, *ain*, *aen*, *gen-es* (wk.) *aenette*, *aenig*, *naig*, *ana*, *annes*, *aninga*, *anlaga*, *anlic*, *naenig*, *nan*, *nem*, *amber*. *A* is fairly well filled out, but the other letters are filled in irregularly. In another book he has written out a number of words alphabetically arranged, and discussed them down to about the middle of *C*; then he seems to have given up the task, for, running his pen through the words, he has used the same pages for his grammar.

This he outlines as follows:

Preface, System, and Design of Work.

INTRODUCTION.

1. History of Anglo-Saxons.
 2. History of Anglo-Saxon language (both of these in the Indo-Germanic aspect).
 3. Anglo-Saxon Literature and Bibliography.
- The grammar proper he divides as follows: Part I., Etymology; Part II., Syntax.

PART I.

Chapter I. Sounds and Letters.

1. History of Anglo-Saxon letters.
2. Sounds of letters.
3. Articulation of sounds.
 - (a) Vowels.
 - (b) Consonants.
4. Interchange of sounds.
 - (a) Vowels.
 - (b) Consonants.
5. The syllable.

Chapter II. Kinds and Forms of Words.

1. Kinds of words.
 - (a) Notional words—verb, noun, adjective.
 - (b) Relational words—pronouns, numerals, prepositions, conjunctions. Adverbs are mixed.
2. Form of words.
 - (a) Verb.

The Preface he deferred writing, or else what he wrote has not yet come to light.

One characteristic of the whole is, as might be expected from a pioneer work, a fullness which strikes us of the present day as unusual and unnecessary. For instance, grammar in general is defined and explained, the necessity of language to a nation, and the relation is shown between language, sentences, and words. Such sentences as the following would hardly appear in any of the Anglo-Saxon grammars of to-day: "The body is suited to be the instrument of the mind, and the varied and delicate construction of man's organs of speech correspond to the rational and discrimina-

ting spirit within him. As this latter creates ideas of things with its cognizance, and out of ideas by referring them to each other constructs *thoughts* and *judgments*, the former (*i. e.*, organs of speech), by an easy and natural course, enunciates *words* and *sentences* as correspondent outward signs of these *ideas* or *thoughts*."

One of the most interesting paragraphs is that on the interchange of sounds. According to Sims, the interchange of vowels arises from the fact that they are all made with the cavity of the mouth open, and that the shape of this cavity, when fitted to make one vowel sound, passes into those suitable for other vowel sounds by very slight alterations. We shall let him for the most part exclaim it in his own language.

$$\left. \begin{array}{c} a \\ i \\ u \end{array} \right\} e \quad \left. \begin{array}{c} \\ \\ \end{array} \right\} o, ou$$

A, i, u, are the general and original vowel sounds, and are but seldom found interchanging with each other; *e* is by nature intermediate between *a* and *i*, and is really equivalent to *a + i*. In like manner, *o* and *ou* are but different modifications of the diphthong of *a + u*. Now the most common and general law of vowel interchange is based upon this relationship of sounds, and is this: that *a* and *i* interchange readily with *e*, and that *a* and *u* also severally interchange readily with *o*, *ou*, *au*, while *a*, *i*, *u* are very seldom found placed for each other. The chief case where the primary vowels interchange contrary to the general rule is found in the conjugation of some verbs, the plural of some nouns, and in a few derivative words, such as *dēman* from *dōm*. Thus to illustrate: the parallel forms *man* and *mon* are due to the easy transition from *a* to *o* (this is the nasal influence of Siever's Grammar, 68); *swotol* and *swutol* to the easy transition between *o* and *u* (S. 71, influence of *w*); *licgan* and *lecgan* to the easy transition between *e* and *i* (S. 89, *i* umlaut); *hah* and *hehst* to the easy passage of *a* to *e* (S. 101, palatal umlaut). It was in such words as *fōt*, *fēt*, *dōm*, *dēman* that the scheme fell through. It has at least the advantage of simplicity; for, instead of taking into account breaking, the various um-

lauts, influence of *w*, influence of the nasals, etc., he gives but two simple rules for explaining every change.

As a last example of the grammar, we shall give a short synopsis of his treatment of the verb.

Transitive, intransitive, reflexive, reciprocal, and passive verbs are explained fully. Moods, tenses, and numbers of the verb are then treated, and blank spaces left for the insertion of examples. Conjugation is divided into simple (corresponding to Sievers's weak) and complex (corresponding to Sievers's strong). The verbs of the simple conjugation are divided into two classes: First, those which are derived by affixing *i*, *si*, *ni*, *ci*, *igi*, *gi* to the root before it assumes the formative syllable, thus corresponding roughly to what Sievers terms the *ō* class (*lufian*, *lufode*), and the original short stems of the *jo* class (*nerian*). Second, those which append the formative syllable to the root with or without a change of the radical vowel, thus corresponding to the original and polysyllables of Sievers's *dēman*, *dēmdē*) and the *ai* class (*habban*, *haefde*).

Another class of verbs is cited as not only following the above changes, but as also changing the vowels of the present. He says that, since the verbs of this class are the most common in our language, he will draw up a list of them. This he has failed to do, but he gives the following rule for them: When a vowel stands in a monosyllable it is *ā*, *ae*, or *ea*, but when it is followed by another syllable it is *u*, *eo*, *oi*. I presume that the preterit-present verbs are referred to, since many of them comply with his rule (*sceal*, *sculon*, *sceolde*; *thearf*, *thurfon*, *thorfte*).

In his discussing the complex conjugation no mention of ablaut appears. The change of the radical vowel is noted as a characteristic, as is also the change, *helpe*, *hilpeth*, but no cause for the changes is assigned. Complex verbs are divided into two classes: First, those which preserve the vowel of the perfect unchanged. Of this, there are three species; those in *ae*, *baed*, *baedon* (where the change in quantity between singular and plural is not noted); *ō*, *fōr*, *fōron*; *ē*, *feng*, *fengon*. Second, those which change the vowel of the perfect

to some other vowel in the second person singular and the plural of the indicative, and throughout the tense in the subjunctive mood. There are also three species of this: *a, u, band, bundon; ā, i, grāþ, griþon; ēā, u, bēād, budon*. It will be seen that these approximate the later scientific classification of Anglo-Saxon strong verbs.

" Here the manuscript comes to an untimely end, but we can see from the plan of the book, and from the many references to other portions of the work, that he purposed making a complete grammar, a grammar far in advance of Thomas Jefferson's "Essay on the Anglo-Saxon," and one which should compare favorably with its predecessors. Prof. Sims seems to have been well acquainted with the Anglo-Saxon literature of his day. The books most used in the preparation of his grammar are: Rask's Anglo-Saxon Grammar, Bosworth's Anglo-Saxon Dictionary, Hickes's Thesaurus, Freese's Deutsche Prosodie, and W. Grimm's *Ueber die deutschen Runen*.

We thus have a portion of the first Anglo-Saxon grammar written upon this side of the water, nor does a comparison with the Anglo-Saxon grammars then in existence (as far as the incomplete state of Sims's grammar allows us to make such a comparison) tend to make us ashamed of this product of early American scholarship.

A. A. KERN.

Johns Hopkins University.

THE NATIONAL ELEMENT IN SOUTHERN LITERATURE.

It is well understood that in any proper acceptance of the term, American literature must reflect the progress and processes of American thought and life. What seems a truism in uttering it, was long hidden from the practice of American writers. At first American letters represented almost anything but American life, and, in consequence, no life anywhere. The American inherited English law and English custom; these he made his own and modified them to suit his convenience. He also inherited the English language and English literature complete at his command; but not so happy always were the uses to which he subjected the language, and his direction in literary work was frequently obtuse.

There could not here be the same mastery over matter as in the laws; there was not the same independence of conditions nor the same self-reliance. In this case isolation wrought a harm that in the other had stimulated development. In thought, in literature, or in the attempts that passed under the name of literature, English traditions, English models, English productions, were long dominant; English culture in education and letters was merely transferred, and too often, after tradition became weakened, there was current what purported to be the genuine article under borrowed forms that were but shoddy. Nor in the nature of the case has this influence ever been entirely removed. The war of independence was waged, and the two countries were severed as States politically, but the thought of the new nation was still largely molded in forms of the old. The whole course of American literature may be described as a continual struggle: first, for existence; then, for recognition; and, at length, as many of us believe, in certain departments for rivalry. How far this last has gone could lead to interesting and serious questioning.

If we take the history of American literary achievement, and run over the names and select that portion of the work of each which has secured permanence, there will always be found in what has survived, the native and local, united with the national and spiritual, character as opposed to the imitative.

Franklin was the first American in his sturdy manhood as revealed in his Autobiography. Irving lives to us of to-day in what he made his possession: the beginnings of a Greater New York, the haunts of the Hudson Valley, and the Catskill Mountains. Cooper treated interior New York, which was then border land for white man, Indian, and beast. Hawthorne portrayed the spirit of early New England Puritanism—its sternness and severity, as well as its faithfulness and strength. Poe saw visions of the artist, and depicted vividly what was to his active fantasy a very real dream land. Bryant caught the poetry lurking in American woods and streams. Longfellow lived and spoke the sweetness of the simple dignity of American home life. Whittier sang of the New England farmer boy in the attitude, though he could not attain the voice of Burns. Emerson was a clarifying voice delivering to the growing material conditions of a new world a message of humanity and of fuller and richer spiritual life. Whitman was a sound from the same new world, so acute and in phases so novel that he is not yet satisfactorily placed. Holmes was the genial poet of occasion; Lowell, the first distinctive American critic; and Curtis, the man of letters in public and political life. Timrod's lyric pipe rejoiced with the coming of spring in his Carolina home, and Lanier found music in the cornfields and marshes and streams of Georgia. The historians began with the settlement of their own country, and were thus led to related Spanish and French worlds and to kindred Germanic institutions.

The point is, that the rule and degree of success has been that what a man found nearest his heart and into which he had most closely and spiritually lived—what was his own and could not be taken away—is that which a later generation has accepted and received from him as individual and is

not willing to let die. When the local and national and racial flavor has been caught, together with insight into elemental truth of character, and artistic form has fused these qualities, then a masterpiece of literature results. When this large insight has failed or is limited, there has necessarily arisen the tinge of provinciality.

Now, it is just this touch of provinciality that has continually been urged against the literature of the South. But it is true not only of the South. It is in the South as elsewhere in America. It is the sad, admitted truth of American literature generally. The new nation as a whole must confess that there has been and is much truth in the charge of provinciality. And so it may be repeated. Much said of Southern literary conditions is not simply Southern, but a common American characteristic, with special modifications and limitations springing from local causes. To be rigidly scientific in this mode of investigation, one ought first to find out which is generally American, and then determine what is specifically Southern by special deviation from the type. It is evidently unfair to charge a section with what is frequent enough and, indeed, common elsewhere. This is constantly to be kept in mind. The greatest mistake made in judging Southern literature, even by its friends, is that we are apt to speak of it by itself as if it were a thing apart and of a country apart. "There is so little that is permanent in Southern letters," one will cry; another will explain that the conditions were unfavorable; and so forth and so forth. But one feels very much like answering: true—and it has been largely true of the entire country. There is little that has been permanent in American letters; the conditions have been unfavorable to literature. It is a half-truth everywhere in our country. It is true also of the South, but it is not of the South alone.

Another point of difference must not be overlooked: the immense disparity in population and wealth created for the last generation by the four years of war. In New England the literary men largely remained at home, and were still writing and singing at its close. Nor Bryant, nor Long-

fellow, nor Holmes, nor Emerson, nor Whittier, nor Lowell engaged in active warfare. True, they were engaged strenuously with their pens, a happy circumstance not permitted to others. There was necessarily much loss throughout the country, but the physical and spiritual resources of the losing section were prostrated and reduced to exhaustion. In New England Theodore Winthrop and Fitz James O'Brien met death in service, and doubtless other gallant youth died in the glow of a splendid promise. But the loss of the South was peculiarly from her heart and of the best, and many a young man with literary aspiration did not live to see twenty-five. Such losses cannot be estimated, but they are to be felt and measured, nevertheless, for a succeeding generation. Then following upon this struggle came a second and more bitter struggle—a fearful blight. It was not merely that of poverty; it was the demands of entirely changed conditions of living upon the survivors, struggling at the same time for bare existence even. For, in a pathetic sentence, attributed to Sidney Lanier, concerning the decade immediately after the war: "With us in the South it has been for the past ten years a question simply of not dying." Out of these conditions in a whole section of country a new literature was to spring. The wonder of it all is that when it came it was so spontaneous, so rich, so full of life and hope!

There can be no doubt of the great change wrought by the war between the States everywhere in America. This consequently finds its purest expression in American literature. This war makes a true line of demarcation between the old and the new. Its close introduced a period of great expansion and development and change everywhere. In literature it was a formative period. Run over the files of the current magazines and periodicals of the time, and you can read between the lines and discern the high color, the unsettled condition, the exaggerations, and the alarms everywhere. But just as in the turmoil of the Middle Ages the roots of the Renaissance struck deep, so on a less scale the disturbances of the war contributed to the soil nourishment for the rejuvenating, creative epoch to follow. Historic consciousness

was bound to grow: there was history from whatever side one viewed it. The nation was shaken to its center, and the people stirred to the quick. The soil and atmosphere were formed. The national sense was developed, and literature was the gainer. National feeling exulted on one side; on the other the love of old traits and affection for their characteristic types. Both necessarily aided in inducing the romantic cast of mind. Hope and self-reliance were present to the youth everywhere. The spirit of expansion naturally ushered in an epoch of travel, and we consequently find descriptions in abundance, telling of spots and corners unvisited and unknown before. The sense of isolation was being done away with; the connection with the rest of the world becoming closer. The spirit of provincialism was gradually passing. The American tourist began traveling over the globe and revealing new phases of civilization; the American engineer penetrated to the heart of the wilderness in his own country, and left no waste places. A romantic revival in American literature was most natural and inevitable.

Side by side with this, and apparently very contradictory, in that part of the country most settled in its economic and social conditions and least affected by these movements of expansion as was the great West, and least influenced by the changes in social and physical being as was the South, there arose at the same time in New England the beginnings of a school of analysis and dissection in fiction. But even in New England at first, as in other parts of the country, the native romance in localities was finding utterance. The early effects of the war were seen. There had sprung up a general interest in the varied phases of American manhood thrown together at haphazard in the camps. Old types in odd corners were studied anew, and fresh types were revealed.

Thus, after 1865 and before 1870, appeared Mrs. Stowe's "Old Town Folks," descriptive of New England village life, Mr. Aldrich's "The Story of a Bad Boy," Whittier's "Snow Bound," an idyl of New England, and his "Ballads of New England," and Longfellow's "New England Tragedies." All were romantic and sprung from their soil and section.

The same note echoes over the land. Even Mr. Howells begins his literary career poetically enough in describing his "Venetian Days" and "Italian Journies." Parkman is portraying with picturesque vividness the history of French possession in the new world. A voice from the far West, in California, finding a new material, striking full upon this native note, and recognizing an essentially fitting form in the short story, is obtaining recognition in Bret Harte. Of writings in the South, Sidney Lanier's "Tiger Lilies," imperfect as it is, was perhaps the only significant publication in those first five years after the war. How silent is the voice of a whole section of people! They were struggling for bare existence even, as Lanier had put it.

Not until after 1870 does the new Southern literature begin—the year in which the two recognized leaders of the past, John Pendleton Kennedy and William Gilmore Simms, both died. It was also the year of the death of Judge A. B. Longstreet, the author of "Georgia Scenes," those frank expressions of home growth. That too was the year of the death of Gen. Robert E. Lee, at the head of Washington College, Virginia. Nothing emphasizes more the fact that the old was over. The new was looked forward to, half fearfully almost.

The half decade of years before the centennial celebration of the Declaration of Independence in 1876, rounds out the nation's century of existence. With this sense of fullness American literature takes firmer hold. The contrast is growing between the warm, full-blooded romantic spirit and the more cold, though scientific and subtle, analysis of realism. The strife becomes at times even acrimonious. The sway of the analytic school of fiction in New England shows that the domination of the past singers and prophets, the generation of Longfellow and Whittier and Emerson, is over. Other ideas have taken their place, and new writers have supplanted them in controlling taste. A departing note, though a full one, is struck in Emerson's "Society and Solitude" in this same year, 1870. The new method is seen in Mr. Howells, who for both art and conscience's sake enters upon a career

of novel-writing and propagandism. With Mr. James he announces for American fiction the more philosophic doctrine of naturalism and realism—a means obtained by analysis of motive and character and study of environment, as apart from more imaginative story-telling. It is interesting to note that neither Mr. Howells nor Mr. James, at this time so closely identified with Boston and the *Atlantic Monthly* in their work, was of New England birth, and the spirits these conjured had little kinship with Hawthorne's Salem witches; they were not of American raising, but were the results of wider acquaintance with the schools and systems: they were foreign, but were meant to be world-wide; they were not native, but sought to escape the local and provincial.

In sharp contrast, beyond the Hudson, the newly discovered types through the slowly evolving South and over the rapidly developing West take on a local and native and more romantic setting. This spirit becomes particularly strong in the South, and ultimately receives there perhaps its finest and freest expression. This movement in American letters—a momentous one for the development of our national life and spirit in the twenty critical years from 1870 to 1890—cannot be understood without the clear recognition of the importance of the Southern writers and some little study of the significance of the Southern romantic spirit. There had been hardly an issue of a typical magazine like the *Century* in ten or fifteen years without a native romantic story, and that usually a Southern one. So completely did this movement dominate the American thought and output of the time! This is the true significance and glory of the new Southern literature. Its weakness was the prevalence of dialect and a seeming aversion from characters who spoke even the elements of the King's English. But even in this particular the dialect was at first used not as an end in itself, but as a means of interpreting more directly both native character and actual life. As a frank revelation of fresh modes of national life and thought, even dialect could find its justification. Here was something admittedly spontaneous and rich, racy of the soil and filled

with warmth and color—for, if one may be permitted the reference, there is plenty of both in the South—and in however narrow and restricted a sphere, it represented an American spirit at last. And thus by an apparent paradox the spirit of this literature in the South became for a time in certain aspects the least sectional and the most representative and national.

This native spirit became exemplified in many places and in many ways, for it is not intended to assert that it was not elsewhere too; the meaning is solely to emphasize this literary movement in the South in its relation to the national movement going on. From California came Bret Harte's "The Luck of Roaring Camp" and "The Outcasts of Poker Flat." In Indiana appeared Edward Eggleston's "The Hoosier Schoolmaster" and "The End of the World." Mark Twain gave experiences of the far West in "Roughing It." Charles Dudley Warner revealed a new and delightful vein in "My Summer in a Garden" and in "Backlog Studies." John Burroughs was poetically alive to Nature, whether in birds or in poets, both songsters. Mr. Aldrich continued in "Marjorie Daw;" Miss Alcott presented childhood to "Little Men" and "Little Women;" Mr. Stedman stimulated American criticism of American poets in a frankly sympathetic and graceful vein.

The new era was first fully announced with the spirit of the centennial year of 1876. Literature in the South, showing feeble signs here and there, grew bolder and more conscious. It was well for our common country and for the fostering of the national sentiment that so closely upon Appomattox, the tragic close of one war, followed at Yorktown the celebration of the close of another. Between 1865, the close of the Civil War, and 1875, the year of the first centennial celebration of the Revolution, there was but a brief decade. At the centennial of the Declaration of Independence, written by a Virginian, who could deny a Virginian and any Southerner a welcome to the centennial city? There followed the era of good feeling; then it was made possible that in a short

time after division a closely contested national election could be held; then all sections became represented once more in the President's Cabinet by the selection of a Tennessean.

The feelings of the war had mellowed and fallen into retrospect, and one could write tenderly and with full pathos of its romance and its tragedy. The beginnings of a new national life and literature and of Southern literature in national aspects had become possible. A Virginian writer, John Esten Cooke, could drop awhile stories of war time and go back to the colonial days held in common by all. A new writer, Mr. Thomas Nelson Page, could become introduced to literature and draw inspiration by describing Yorktown and Old Virginia at the time of the Revolution. Societies of the Revolution soon sprang up, cementing national life over the country, looking away from the struggle of State against State to the previous common struggle side by side. A new era had arrived for the whole country, and gloriously did Southern letters appropriate its spirit. New names were to become known, older ones were to gain fresh luster. It was a time when a new generation was preparing for college, and those who had just entered the University of Virginia—so long representative of the best in the South—when the surrender at Yorktown was celebrated will recall how with a thrill the Southern young manhood at *Alma Mater* rejoiced that this was their inheritance too, not to be taken away.

The centennial year, 1876, saw also the beginnings of a new educational movement and of higher ideals of scholarship and culture. It was the year of the opening of Johns Hopkins University, in Baltimore, halfway between North and South, the first instance of German university methods fully applied to American conditions, destined to revolutionize the attitude of education in America and particularly to exert a deep influence upon the training of young Southern scholars. The most notable member of its literary faculty, Dr. Gildersleeve, was brought from the University of Virginia as professor of Greek. It was also the year of the opening of Vanderbilt University in Tennessee, near the center of the Southern Mississippi Valley. The University of the

South, at Sewanee, Tulane University, in New Orleans, as well as the new development of Washington and Lee University, in Virginia, were all growths mainly of this later period; and most of the Southern State Universities and private colleges gradually mapped out new and more modern lines of development. Particularly the new movement of the study of English in the South, first distinctly promulgated in 1868 by the late Prof. Thomas R. Price—who was then at Randolph-Macon College, Virginia, and who died as head of the Department of English in Columbia University, New York—spread and vitalized continually in the hands of his pupils new centers over the Southern country.

Keenest of all, the national centennial year, 1876, strengthened the voice of the new Southern literature. It was the year of Mark Twain's "Tom Sawyer," his most characteristic sketch of Mississippi River reminiscence. "The Centennial Cantata" was written by the Southern poet, Sidney Lanier, whose symphony of "Corn," uniting intense local color with a classical spirit, had appeared but a year before. This centennial year was also the year of the publication of Lanier's poems, the chiefest expression of poetic feeling in the South, and one of the most original and intense the entire country could claim apart from Poe. That it was not permitted Lanier to enter upon the land he confidently hoped and battled for, made his position all the more notable. To him was decreed not the victor's wreath, but the martyr's crown. Like some Moses, he was permitted only to view afar off from the mountain top the glories of hopes he felt some day must be realized. His early end was prophetic. In the pathos of his struggling life, checked by untoward conditions and thwarted by ill health, in spite of which he still achieved, there was revealed all the more clearly the symphony utterance of the emotions that passed delicately yet deeply across his soul.

The influence spread rapidly. Before 1881, the year both of the celebration at Yorktown and of Lanier's death, Cable had furnished his early and best-known works: "Old Creole Days," "The Grandissimes," and "Madame Delphine." Richard Malcolm Johnston's stories were characterizing Middle Georgia

cracker life—the Middle Georgia of the former “Georgia Scenes” and “Major Jones’s Courtship.” From the same Middle Georgia section came “Uncle Remus,” and the grown-up boys of the South of all ages smiled tenderly once more at the recollection of negro “mammies” and “uncles” and the sunshiny and rainy days of youth, which they too had passed in the company of Brer Rabbit. The East Tennessee mountaineer was brought out as picturesquely as his surrounding landscape in the pages of “Charles Egbert Craddock.” Virginia contributed the spiritual record of the war fought on her soil, and the tender relationship that existed between man and master in Mr. Page’s “Marse Chan” and “Meh Lady.” And not long after the Kentucky blue grass land was to take up the note in Mr. James Lane Allen. Those were the first glorious summer days of Southern letters.

Other sections moved in the spirit, using a native and romantic background for the portrayal of the varied phases of American life and experience. There were the verses of James Whitcomb Riley and H. C. Bunner, and later came Brander Matthews’s “Vignettes of Manhattan” and Hamlin Garland’s “Main Traveled Roads” and ‘Gene Field’s lyrics with America writ large in varied characters. Stockton sometimes went deliberately southward to Virginia for his setting; and Maurice Thompson, from his Georgia and Confederate experiences, told some of the best of all negro dialect tales. A little later in the South were the stories of H. S. Edwards from the same Middle Georgia section of watermelon, peaches, darky, and mule; the scenes of John Fox, Jr., in the mountains of Kentucky (“On Hell-for-Sat-tain Creek” admits an epic breadth in four pages); the character sketches of Miss Grace King, Mrs. Stuart, and Mrs. Davis in New Orleans; new pictures of Old Virginia by Mrs. Burton Harrison; stories of Tennessee mountain life by Miss Sarah Barnwell Elliott, of Sewanee; Mr. Herben’s stories of Northern Georgia; the society verse of Samuel Minturn Peck; the dainty stanzas of Father Tabb; and the more thrilling and dramatic notes of Madison Cawein.

The style of romantic fiction steadily—perhaps too steadily

—persisted; but the people, like those of England before them in the case of Dickens's London creations, recognized it as their own and did not tire. They insistently refused to learn from the critics and the fashions on the Continent. Then was ushered in the wave of romance over the country. No American novel much talked about but was romantic and historical. Taking a time but five or six years back, the leaders of 1897 were Dr. Mitchell's "Hugh Wynne" and Mr. Allen's "The Choir Invisible." Both had the native, historic, romantic setting, and went back whether in Philadelphia or in Kentucky to the days of the fathers of the republic. For the next year, 1898, Mr. Page's "Red Rock" was a story of the South under Reconstruction. And then in 1899 and 1900 the novel-reading public saw the phenomenal advertising and sale of "David Harum," "Richard Carvel," "Janice Meredith," and "To Have and to Hold." The secret of "David Harum's" hold upon the people was the same native flavor, the portrayal of an elemental and universal character—a character that smacked not of Central New York alone, but could have come from anywhere in any of our States. Such a conception was closely akin in method to many of the characters and oddities portrayed in Southern life, and in its very defects and limitations was intensely American. "Richard Carvel" was of colonial Maryland amid all the largeness of outline and careless ease of a Southern colony. "Janice Meredith" might have gained her name farther South—for both were good Virginian and *pace* the dedication, some of the sunlight from the terraces of Mr. Vanderbilt's estate of Biltmore, in the Western Carolina mountains, may have been caught and become confined within its pages. "To Have and to Hold" was a full-length picture of a colony of cavaliers. Maurice Thompson's story of the original Virginia Territory Northwest of the Ohio, "Alice of Old Vincennes," was of the same general class. So far did the movement take hold that the *Century Magazine* denominated its leading feature for 1901 "a year of romance." The strength of the same movement appeared in works like Mr. Churchill's "The Crisis," portraying St. Louis, and Mr. Stephenson's

"They That Took the Sword," picturing Cincinnati, both border cities in border States, in war time. Mr. Cable's "The Cavalier" was a tale of war and love with a New Orleans regiment doing service in Mississippi. And at the present Kentucky emphasizes its happy central position as a promise for a center of literary endeavor, both for the South and the country, not only in the more serious workers already named, Mr. Cawein in verse and Mr. Allen in prose, but also in instances like Mrs. Nancy Huston Banks's "Oldfield," the Kentucky "Cranford," and in the authors of those uneuphonious feminine, but very characteristic Dickensy sketches, "Juletty," "Mrs. Wiggs," "Lovey Mary," and "Emmy Lou."

Despite the fickleness of popular impulse, and apart from the question whether the supply both of the dialect story and the historical novel be already exhausted, this eagerness and enthusiasm of the American public disclose a craving in the popular heart. The inherent weakness is that this order of work is not necessarily in the line of development toward something else, something better and greater, but it constitutes a species and end in itself and yields itself too obviously to imitation. Nevertheless the paths mapped out in historical romance are as old as Scott and Dumas and as modern as Robert Louis Stevenson, and herein lies one of the roads toward creating a national literature. To become national, a literature must draw succulence from the roots of past achievement and the spirit of former generations. And readers of the late Mr. Fiske's volumes know that no history is more romantic in setting and more rich in literary possibility, more distinctly national in elements and character, than the early heroic living of "Virginia and Her Neighbors," and the history of the planting and forming of the various English, Spanish, French, Indian, and Negro Southern and Southwestern colonies in America.

In this school of rich color and imagination Southern intensity and depth and emotion and Western unconventionality and largeness have played a leading part. Less artistic, beyond doubt, than the calmer perfection of the New England school of objective analysis—a very important source of in-

fluence and one more in consonance with contemporary world thought and in advance telling of the morrow—yet it possessed at least the personal appeal. Looking at the history of the actual movements and the obvious feelings of the American people, apart from any theory as to what might or ought to be, there has been an essential difference in the appeal of the two schools.

The principle may be illustrated with a comparison. Before Shakespeare's day there was a struggle between the classic imitators and the native romantic, albeit crude and exaggerated, English spirit; and with all its excesses, nature won! So the intensely analytic school in America, however painstaking and studious in art, has seemed to the people too impersonal, has borrowed its impulse from foreign sources—from George Eliot in England, from Tolstoy in Russia, from Zola in France, and from Ibsen in Norway. While less significant in meaning and in power, the more romantic school was yet native in the hearts of the American people, sprung spontaneous from American soil, and struck roots deep down into American life. It was following the example of its early masters: of Irving and Cooper and Hawthorne and Poe. And it was geographically located everywhere: in New England and in New York, in Virginia and Kentucky and Tennessee and Georgia and Louisiana, in Indiana and in California. It was the buoyancy of American manhood finding utterance; it was the expression of reflections passing over the soul of American life. It has not been the full accomplishment, it has not become formulated into a system in its great variety of utterance; but it has shown at least the rich world of native and national material. It has been a new world entered upon in the new century of national existence. The American centennial of 1876 opened the gates of the nation wide; the heart of the people responded. American life was obtaining a distinctive expression in its literature. Could it only continue in its advance to something higher!

Has that something higher come? Has the advance been a steady upward one? Is it that the soil is not yet deep enough? Is it that we are a new country? Is our material

poorer? Is inspiration crushed by untoward circumstances and want of nourishment? Are the moods so compelling? Are culture and interest in the problems of life deep, genuine, unmistakable, true? Is education faulty? Are our universities devoted to over-specialization, and while the practical knowledge of doing things and matters of technical investigation are unquestionably advanced, the higher creative work and the literary spirit oftentimes restrained? While we seem to have better training than ever, is true culture a matter of such slow growth that another half dozen and more generations are needed to nurture it? Is it that the paths followed permit of a certain development, but forbid greater reaches? An undiscovered country had been revealed and roamed through, but there did not always follow more careful draughting and added power of characterization. The same types were too often repeated and the sense of freshness and novelty was gone. Is it that the romantic tendency must be restrained by the laws of growth in thought, experience, and art, by more highly intellectual and thus by an approach to more analytical and realistic work? Is it that the intense sociological and spiritual ideas characteristic of the new century are forcing themselves also in a New South and an expanding West and casting out romantic dreams and ideals, as is seen conspicuously and curiously in the evolution of the stories of Mr. James Lane Allen?

In any case, the decade after 1886 must be confessed as a whole to have been one of rebound. The promise was not altogether kept up. Our American writing, like our American life, did not develop in all directions, but had to confess its limitations. It could often write the successful short story, but not the long novel; it would inspire a quatrain and a sonnet in verse, but not sustain a long narrative or complete dramatic poem. But the outward flow of the tide was again American and not merely Southern. The South shared in a common depression and weakening with other parts of the country. The two cannot be looked at except as closely conjoined; for the law of development and influence and evolution is also traceable in literary life.

The decade from 1876 to 1886, as described, was the period of American discovery in new fields. The old *Scribner's Monthly* could change its name to *The Century*, and boldly declare an advanced patriotism. It raised the standards of belief in a native literature, and for a time promulgated the principle that the writing in its pages should not be borrowed, but should be our own—it should henceforth be only American and not, as hitherto, largely British. This was in 1880. Verily, the experiment had its reward. Mrs. Burnett's earliest and best writing; Mr. Cable's artistic "Grandissimes" and "Madame Delphine;" Mr. Howell's strong pieces, "A Modern Instance" and "Silas Lapham;" Mr. James's "Bostonians;" work of Mr. Harris, Mr. Allen, Harry S. Edwards, John Fox, Mrs. Stuart—all appeared in rapid succession in that one publication. Also American criticism by Stoddard and Stedman, Edward Eggleston's colonial sketches, the War Series, the Life of Lincoln, Joe Jefferson's Autobiography, numerous history sketches and character portrayals, attempting to bring out national life and spirit, appeared rapidly in its pages and gave the new magazine the character its name hoped to illustrate. However, whether unfortunately or not for the promise of this national movement then so earnestly advocated, this magazine, too, later receded from its first strenuous position in its early note for a purely native and possibly national school of letters. Yet perhaps its very change of front was derived from a greater sense of security and a stronger consciousness of what literature had to be.

But if the first surprise of newness and originality was gone, yet in certain directions of literary and intellectual life in the Southern States there has been steady effort crowned with the strength of growth and accomplishment. True, this has not always been with an even advance in art, but certainly with advance in energy and outlook and power and vitality.

Among instances the development of a school of literary criticism in the South is discernible. Passing over Sidney Lanier's lectures about 1880 at the Johns Hopkins University on "The Science of English Verse," "The English Novel,"

and "Shakespeare," important in the history of American criticism, but isolated phenomena in their section, there have been recent appearances which promise in their influence to be the source of a conscious movement. In 1892 appeared the "Life of William Gilmore Simms" in the American Men of Letters Series, which became a study of former general Southern literary conditions. Its author was Prof. Trent, then of the University of the South, at Sewanee. Whatever the objections raised to the Simms volume, it was a brilliant production as a young man's first effort, and declared that a school of criticism was forming in the South. It was the same year, 1892, that THE SEWANEE REVIEW was started under Prof. Trent's eye, and through him became the chief, and for a time the only, critical literary mouthpiece of its section. Five years later appeared the first serious critical contribution on the contemporary literary movement in the South in the volume on "Southern Writers" by Prof. Baskervill, of Vanderbilt University, a piece of work unfortunately left incomplete by the author's untimely death, but carried on by a number of his pupils. It is interesting to note that this critical movement thus begun has been associated with two pupils of Price and two chairs of English literature in neighboring institutions, representative of the entire Southern country in their spirit and in the national consciousness of their work.

In its educational activity the South has contributed some of the brightest scholars to the splendid list of Johns Hopkins alumni during its first quarter of a century, one of whom, Dr. Woodrow Wilson, as the new President of Princeton, has conceived his opportunities and duties in a national sense. As representative of a thought movement, Mr. Walter H. Page has filled the editor's chair successively of the *Forum*, *Atlantic Monthly*, and *The World's Work*, a worker in the broadest and sincerest national feeling. As a literary and historical interest, chairs of English Literature and of History are receiving the greatest emphasis in nearly every Southern college and university, and their work is usually conceived beyond the sectional on behalf of the national ideal and the widest appeal.

The emphasis of truth and principle, the production of men of culture, and the conquering of provinciality, are objects of their untiring effort. Indeed, this intense literary and historical interest now manifest at a number of points in the Southern States, and particularly the number of historical publications, ought to prove, despite all deficiencies and limitations of sphere, an important means whereby a true development may ultimately be assured.

Similar signs are discernible in the more special field of creative literature. It is hardly six years ago, in 1897, that both Mr. Allen and Mr. Harris, and a year later Mr. Page—all of whom are still actively engaged in writing—published their first long stories. Two years later, in 1899, Miss Johnston's first courageous bid for recognition was a complete novel, followed at once by a serial in the *Atlantic Monthly*, "To Have and To Hold," with the promise of its splendidly audacious opening chapters hardly fulfilled. Hitherto the new movement in Southern letters, apart from Mr. Cable's noble "Grandissimes" had been too far restricted to the limits of the short story. These writers now wished to show their added strength—that their flights could be sustained through an entire volume.

In the steady growth and increase in strength of two writers like Mr. Harris and Mr. Allen through a number of years lies the greatest promise for the future. Literature is made the serious business of life. No more unwearying student of local color and of elemental human nature can be found in America to-day than Mr. Joel Chandler Harris. The best-known of his early works, "Uncle Remus," as I had occasion to say in another paper, was a contribution to the folklore of the world. It was the happy intuition of genius to record and invent these sayings and doings of Brer Fox and Brer Rabbit, and such finds are not of every day. But Mr. Harris is also portraying other life about him which he sees and knows as no other. His later work, such as "The Chronicles of Aunt Minervy Ann" and other pieces, places him as a portrayer of character and observer of human nature, as well as reproducer of setting in an interesting phase and period of

Southern and American life, among the leaders of our contemporary fiction.

The case of Mr. Allen is, in many ways, even more significant. It is not simply that his boyhood suffered from the effects of war, and that by a severe moral struggle he has made his literary life his own. It is not that he has been a teacher and a college professor, though perhaps there can be traced the care and self-criticism that this experience has likewise taught. He possesses natural gifts, and he has conserved them and trained them. He belongs almost wholly to the period after 1886, and atones for much else lacking in Southern letters in it. Distinct stages may be traced in his development, so marked has been the evolution in himself, as in his work. There was the early period, the "Flute and Violin" stories, the expression of the romance in early Kentucky life. This was also the period of "The White Cow" and "Sister Dolorosa," tender in their romantic setting. Then "The Kentucky Cardinal," with its sequel "Aftermath," overwhelmed us with surprise to find that the author knew and loved his trees and birds as closely as a sympathetic lover and follower of Audubon, who had roamed these same woods before, and furthermore he was a true poet in his interpretation of them. The notes of a deepening change are already upon him in this work. He is leaving romance and is putting himself in closer spiritual union with Nature and her phases, which will lead him ultimately to Science and her laws. "Summer in Arcady" was therefore an obvious experiment, struggling to escape past conventions and to enter upon newer and wider reaches of art. It was in this expanding effort that Mr. Allen completed his first long novel, "The Choir Invisible," based upon an earlier love story, "John Gray," but now heightened and filled with an added historical background and local colony, as national in its importance for the beginnings of Kentucky and the West as Hawthorne's work for early New England. It is Mr. Allen's one leaning toward the prevailing fashion of the historical romance, which, indeed, writing before 1897, he in a measure anticipates.

But Mr. Allen could not be confined to the local and historical. The growing impelling forces of universal thought seize him, with a power implied in the very title of his latest published work, "The Reign of Law," a tale of the Kentucky hemp fields. Whether it is successful in all it undertakes to portray or not—and perhaps the problems are too deep to be fully answered in any work of fiction—the volume is significant as a study in the unfolding and conflict of principles and beliefs in an expanding life. It is the evolution and play of forces continually going on in Kentucky and Southern and American thought and life that Mr. Allen is seeking to present. It is this spirit of constant change and growth all about us that has taken hold upon him, and no two books of his can be said to be formed quite in the same mold.

The same significance of a deeper psychology, a questioning of certain phases that life presents, is discerned in the works of Miss Ellen Glasgow, of Virginia. Crude perhaps in the beginning, they yet reveal growing intellectual power in grappling with problems that press upon her. She is alive to the thought of the world and is attempting to give it expression as suggested in her own environment. Other recent volumes of fiction give evidence of the same deepening change, and I venture to name two. "Mistress Joy," a tale of the early Mississippi and the Southwest, by two Tennessee women, residents of neighboring towns, promised at first to be the common run of novel with the usual historic and romantic ingredients; but its strength rests in the growing character, the fidelity to psychologic truth, the spiritual unfolding of the womanhood of Mistress Joy herself. Miss Elliott's "The Making of Jane" is a distinct appeal in the case of both Janes to reality of presentation, and from this point of view, the strongest work, though not the most popular, of our Sewanee novelist.

It was in this spirit of greater truth to the life about us that in a personal letter written now more than ten years ago by another woman of the South (Miss Marie Whiting, of Virginia), there was uttered a prophetic sentiment which at the time I had occasion to quote. I quote it again in this

connection because it forecast this movement and maps out, as it seems to me, the paths of future development.

"There is a splendid opening for somebody in Southern literature—a field untouched, so far as I know. I speak of the want of any adequate representation of typical Southern life of *to-day*. We have stories of society-folk who live in the South—they live there, that is all, for 'society' is pretty much the same the world over; the very rich kill time in much the same way in all large cities or in all summer resorts or winter hotels or palatial country residences. Then we have the dialect stories in every form and shape—they represent the very poor or the very ignorant. But who has told of the great middle class, the blood and fiber and heart and brain of the body corporate? Who has written of the life of small and large towns, of the countryside, of the people who are distinctive and individual, yet who speak the King's English and read some more or less—who are neither marvels of wealth and culture, nor monstrosities of poverty and ignorance? If such people exist, have they not their life, and shall not some one arise to see its pathos and its beauty?"

In this spirit Southern literature, a term which has too often in the past implied provinciality and narrowness, passes before our eyes into the stream of universal literature—into an American literature invested with a world interest. And what is typical American? Perhaps the type has not yet found definite representation and expression. A true American literature will be of the real life of the American people, localized, true, but catching profound, universal, elemental traits in its actuality. The keynote is the effort at true and faithful representation of that about us and within us. American literature has been largely provincial in the past. It has echoed the voice of New York, or of New England, or of some other section. But when the day of our national literature fully comes, it will not be altogether of any one section or of any one place, but rather will it derive elements of all. So far as we can see it to-day, in its entirety, even if in no single work, it will have something of the earnestness and preciseness of New England, something of the warmth and chivalry

of Southern life, something of the large freedom and expansiveness of the great West.

It will tell of the hope and the joy, the bereavement and the sadness, the high pulsation of heart beats, and the awful tragedy of souls in the life about us! Could we only portray these as they are! They have become commonplaces, even as sin and suffering and truth and honor are commonplaces. These are elemental, and as old as Homer and Æschylus and Sophocles and Dante and Chaucer and Shakespeare. And they will remain as old as the human race, and the human race will read of them in languages yet undeveloped possibly, if an artist only arises to declare in them a home truth to the soul of man. The tragedy of Prometheus, the curse of Œdipus, the horror of Hamlet's doubt, and the awfulness of Lear's mistake, the problems of Faust's struggles with self are immortal, because we cannot think of an age when these questions and their artistic expression cannot appeal to mankind. They must live; it is left to no haphazard vote-taking and fickle populace. It is the soul of man that proclaims it.

There are many phases in our life, many truths about us yet unnoted and unexpressed. The complete representation of Southern as of all American life is still wanting. But it will inevitably come if our people be true to themselves and to their destinies. For is not the great limitless future ours? and of the heritage of the American spirit, if we can only come to realize it, is not the particular work of each of us, East and West, North and South, also a part?

JOHN BELL HENNEMAN.

REVIEWS.

TWO BOOKS OF BRITISH BIOGRAPHY.

BRITISH POLITICAL PORTRAITS. By Justin McCarthy. New York: The Outlook Company.

STUDIES IN CONTEMPORARY BIOGRAPHY. By James Bryce. New York: The Macmillan Company.

It is significant that these two books, one an admirable supplement to the other, have appeared contemporaneously from the pens of two Liberal Members of Parliament. Mr. McCarthy's book is a collection of thirteen biographical sketches, the subjects of which are limited to living figures in active political life, and it thus includes Mr. Bryce himself. Mr. Bryce's book, which also includes some churchmen, scholars, and at least one writer of fiction, is as definitely restricted to those who have died in the last quarter of a century, and whose lives and political careers have thus passed into history.

This characteristic difference runs through the two books. Both are most readable, yet entirely diverse in aim and style. Mr. McCarthy gives only hasty sketches, bright portrayals of living contemporaries, not passing the bounds of good breeding as political friend or opponent; yet he pays his respects so dexterously that, without giving much more than the mere externals in any case, he succeeds in producing a clear impression of present party cleavages and lines of thought among the men most active in British political life. Mr. Bryce's work, in the nature of obituary summaries or studies suggested by the passing away of a notable figure and the closing of a career, is more serious in tone, deeper in analytic method, and approaches more nearly the dignity of history and of literature. He is attracted to a subject either by a striking personality or as representing to him a new type in the development of English life. This view of politics and of contemporary life being history in the making, pride of membership in the House of Commons, and conscious-

ness of different standards of judgment created thereby, are repeatedly apparent. Thus Mr. Bryce's book, while franker and moving in deeper channels than Mr. McCarthy's, is none the less the revelation of his own mind and personal attitude and the thoughtful judgment of a contemporary. A further resemblance is that both have their eyes, though not wholly, upon the American reader. Mr. McCarthy's sketches appeared originally in the *Outlook*; and some of Mr. Bryce's in the *Nation*, under Mr. Godkin, who is the subject of one of the sketches, and the volume is dedicated to President Eliot, of Harvard. Both writers are courteous and manly and fair, though both regard men and interpret British political life as Liberals in favor of Church Disestablishment and of Home Rule. Where there is warmth and fervor and intimacy, it comes from like-mindedness; and while this is more frankly outspoken with Mr. McCarthy, it also is responsible for much of the color of Mr. Bryce's mind.

Mr. McCarthy begins with the present Conservative leader in the House of Commons, Mr. Balfour, and closes with the corresponding Liberal leader, Campbell Bannerman, "C. B." He can praise Mr. Balfour, but must speak with distant respect. Still more so with Lord Salisbury, and there is reserve with Lord Rosebery. He openly acknowledges his perplexity at Mr. Chamberlain's change of front, a delicate but none the less positive way of conveying his opinions. The attitude toward Henry Labouchere and John Burns becomes warm and personal. Mr. Morley and Mr. Bryce are coupled as intellectual and literary forces in public life, though the second as yet far behind the former. He interprets subtly from his point of view the causes which led Sir Michael Hicks-Beach to withdraw or be dropped from the present government. It is obvious that liberal habits of thoughts are much more happily interpreted, and this gives too much sameness of color to the sketches read one after another. Mr. McCarthy reiterates the same point: the uselessness of the House of Lords and the impossibility of parliamentary gifts becoming developed in the Upper Chamber; the attitude that, whatever a Secretary for Ireland may have been personally or may have

done in any case he could not possibly succeed, as the very existence of the office was a denial of the principle of Home Rule. Such repetitions in several sketches weary by their insistence.

In Mr. Bryce's book the two longest and most ambitious studies are the first and the last, on Disraeli and Gladstone. While the paper on Gladstone is naturally the more sympathetic study and approaches more nearly an interpretation, the paper on Disraeli is possibly the better piece of literature. Mr. Bryce was thrown back upon himself more, had to think more to find theories that would account for the phenomena and explain how Disraeli was what he was. Still he confesses perplexity, and ends with a question which he is even disposed to answer with "luck." Apart from personal difficulties in this case, a different mental attitude raises a barrier which Mr. Bryce, however thoughtful and suggestive, does not always succeed in getting over. This can be seen by comparing the two articles on Sir George Jessel and Lord Cairns. Lord Cairns is admitted to be the greater, yet it is Jessel who calls forth the author's ardor and whom he succeeds in presenting more clearly. Archbishop Tait and Cardinal Manning make good contrasts, but the pictures are more of an external nature, and with Manning at least there is admitted reserve. Bishop Fraser excites more warmth as a new democratic type in the episcopal office. The attitude of Mr. Bryce, being an avowed Home Ruler, toward Parnell is interesting. He is acrid throughout, yet complimentary at the close; and despite the subtle drawing, we feel we have been left somewhere in the dark. In some of the references to America, however acute, there is also a slight suspicion that Mr Bryce labors under the influence of certain theories.

No one will deny the richness and interest of Mr. Bryce's writing, and it is consequently in some of the slighter and non-political sketches that we perhaps find Mr. Bryce at his best. Certainly the personal touches give the great charm to the book and, we may believe, the real value. There is a personal tenderness toward Dean Stanley, though we may smile at the Dean's laxness and inconsistencies; it is the gen-

uine kindness of the man we are made to see behind the sledge hammer blows of Freeman; we are admitted to intimate talk with John Richard Green, with Robertson Smith, and with Edward Bowen; we are at Oxford with Thomas Hill Green or at Cambridge with Henry Sidgwick; and we feel we know better Anthony Trollope, man as well as novelist.

Take a touch like this, p. 120: "When E. A. Freeman wrote a magazine article denouncing the cruelty of field sports, Trollope replied, defending the amusement he loved. Some one said it was a collision of two rough diamonds. But the end was that Freeman invited Trollope to come and stay with him at Wells, and they became great friends." Or this, on the genesis of a *Saturday Review* article, p. 153: "[J. R.] Green had reached the town of Troyes early one morning with two companions, and immediately started off to explore it, darting hither and thither through the streets like a dog trying to find a scent. In two or three hours the examination was complete. The friends lunched together, took the train on to Basel, got there late, and went off to bed. Green, however, wrote before he slept, and laid on the breakfast table next morning an article on Troyes, in which its characteristic features were brought out and connected with its fortunes and those of the Counts of Champagne during some centuries, an article which was really a history in miniature."

Here is an admirable criticism of Green's "Short History of the English People:" "The book falls far short of the accuracy of Thirlwall or Ranke or Stubbs, short even of the accuracy of Gibbon or Carlyle; but it is not greatly below the standard of Grote or Macaulay or Robertson, it is equal to the standard of Milman, above that of David Hume" (p. 159). Again, it is quoted of Freeman (p. 268), "He would say to Green, 'You may bring in all that social and religious kind of thing, Johnny, but I can't;'" and in his love of exposing impostors in the salient columns of the *Saturday Review* it delighted him that he had "tossed and gored several persons" (p. 279). It is in passages like these that the delightful quality of Mr. Bryce's book is best seen.

ZOLA'S "TRUTH" AND MRS. WILFRID WARD'S "THE LIGHT
BEHIND."

TRUTH (*La Vérité*). By Emile Zola. Translated by Ernest A. Vizetelly.
1903. New York: John Lane, the Bodley Head.

This, the only authorized translation of Zola's last work, has been carefully and lovingly turned into English by his devoted disciple, E. A. Vizetelly. In a succinct but comprehensive preface Mr. Vizetelly admirably summarizes the volume, and with a frank acknowledgment of his own personal love for his "dear Master," throws the light of explanation on many points possibly obscure to the nonresident of France.

"Truth," the longest of Zola's writings, is characterized by Zola's usual methods of style—a singular minuteness, especially noticeable in descriptions of persons immediately after their first introduction into the story, a tendency apt to tire the reader when characters are so numerous and the pen-portraiture unfortunately in no case easy to visualize; an absolute frankness in expressing his facts exactly as they are; and a sledge hammer force in hurling his views upon his readers.

The volume speaks deep hatred of the Roman Catholic Church, and an intense determination to fight it to the death. The blows are particularly aimed at the Church schools, and it seems a pity that Zola could not have lived to see the great strides toward the secularization of the schools that France has taken in the past few months.

While the book is not a history of the Dreyfus case, it is true that the wretched suppression of truth in Dreyfus's trial, the sufferings of his imprisonment on Devil's Island, the dogged perseverance of his friends at home until his release was obtained, and the galling nature of that release form the basis of the history of Simon the Jew schoolmaster.

A striking fact is that while fighting with powerful courage an established religion and even anticipating its downfall and banishment from home and school, Zola nowhere mentions or suggests a pure religion as a substitute, and one is

conscious as he reads of an empty place and of the impetus Zola might have given a faith had he had one.

From an abominable murder and all its painful results, from intense sufferings under poverty and injustice, from divisions and separations between husbands and wives, from all the usual Zolaistic horrors, there is at the end of this book a lapse almost into idealism. Zola, as though unable to resist a draught of pure fresh air, gathers together his storm-weary characters and gives us peaceful pictures of happy homes and flowers and reunions of families and friends—the young, full of love and hope; the old, of love still but also satisfaction.

THE LIGHT BEHIND. By Mrs. Wilfrid Ward. John Lane, the Bodley Head. London and New York. MCMIII.

In "The Light Behind" Mrs. Wilfrid Ward has given us a group of very strongly marked characters in a setting of English public life. If not in all English books, certainly in those that come to us, we are sure of at least one good thing—a cultured use of our common language. Mrs. Ward adds to this a singular delicacy, almost elusiveness, of style that just at first tends to obscurity. But a realism that feels no necessity of laying bare in hideous impressionism the tragedies of life has its own strength, an uplifting one in this instance.

The scope of the story is limited to the few closing months in the life of a woman married at an early age to a much older and thoroughly degraded man of the world. She must always have been frail; at any rate she is touchingly spoken of now as "so physically weak and morally strong." To compensate for the emptiness of a childless, unloved wifehood she has turned to her husband's estates, and there in schools and libraries and hospitals she has done a great work. Her husband, Lord Cheriton, permits this unwillingly, the more so that his Mephistopheles, Colquhoun, is always near for motives of his own to degrade farther the debauchee; and he is even successful in staining in the eyes of others the womanhood of Lady Cheriton, marvelously delicate and pure, and pitifully appealing in its loneliness.

Mr. Biddulph, "head of one of the chief government offices," Mr. Maurice, a prominent parliamentarian, Lady Anne Massingham, and Henry Dacre, in whose making all are concerned, are the remaining characters that stand out strongly, though Mrs. Ward, with a fine power of characterization, has brought each person of her book, however insignificant, well before us. She is gifted with remarkable insight into humanity, a distinct spirituality, and a pure view of life, though knowing it well; and thus we live with her people and follow with as real a grief as of any of them the body of Lady Cherton to its last resting place.

SOME RECENT THEOLOGICAL VOLUMES.

The series of "Handbooks for the Clergy" (Longmans, Green & Co.), edited by the Rev. Arthur W. Robinson, while primarily intended for the use of clergymen, is not restricted in its purpose to them; but the hope is expressed by the editor that it may be of interest and assistance also to others. Two recent little volumes deal with present-day problems in a present-day spirit. For example, "the Study of the Gospels," by Dean Robinson, of Westminster, may be characterized as conservatively critical. The author has made a careful comparison of the Synoptic Gospels, and holds that St. Matthew and St. Luke made use not only of St. Mark's Gospel (which is held to be in its present form the oldest of the four), but also of another Greek work, which is negatively characterized as "the non-Markan document." He also devotes a chapter to the consideration of the authorship of the fourth Gospel. The indications are held to point decidedly to St. John as the author. In illustration of the divergence of views existing between scholars on matters of Biblical criticism, we note that while Dr. Briggs, in his "Incarnation of the Lord," holds to the theory of an original Hebrew Gospel of St. Matthew, Dr. Robinson (p. 18) says: "It is certain that our St. Matthew is not a Greek translation of an Aramaic or Hebrew book." In view of such decided differences of opinion as to matters of importance in the sphere of Bible criticism, pru-

dence would seem to recommend a suspension of judgment as to many of the points which are now under discussion.

The style of the handbook on *Christian Apologetics*, by Dean Robbins, of Albany, is simple and attractive, its reasoning clear and well sustained. The argument in its successive steps may be briefly outlined. Dr. Robbins rests it mainly upon the character of Jesus Christ—"a character unrivaled in its beauty, and the sway that it has gained over the hearts of men." The divine claim of Christ, next considered, is found to be inseparable from His character. The alleged fact of the resurrection then confronts us; and thus we are led on to "the trustworthiness of the Christian records" and the "witness of prophecy." The closing chapter is devoted to "the demonstration of the Spirit," including the practical fruits of Christianity in its working in history and in the world of to-day.

In "The Law of Likeness," by David Bates (Longmans, Green & Co.), we have the confessions of an apparently deeply religious spirit, who yet, after a Christian experience, has failed to find permanent satisfaction in the doctrines of the Christian Church. The creed set forth in these pages as the result of a process of spiritual striving is that man is of kindred essence with the divine. For those who accept and find comfort and support in the Christian faith it is safe to say that this book will have no positive message, and very little meaning; in fact the impression which it will leave upon such minds will be on the whole, we think, rather a depressing one.

In a volume on "England and the Church" (Longmans), by the Rev. Herbert Kelly, Director of the Society of the Sacred Mission, the Anglican Church's calling and its fulfillment are considered with particular reference to "the increase and efficiency of the ministry." Mr. Kelly notes the considerable falling off in the number of candidates for holy orders in the last few years, and the frequent failure in efficiency of those who have been ordained. He endeavors to find the cause and, if possible, the remedy for this condition of things. The spiritual meaning and power of vocation must be more fully realized than is the case at present; and the

methods of theological training need a thorough revision. Such are Mr. Kelly's conclusions. The book is written in a very earnest spirit, and with a serious appreciation of the great problems which confront the Church of England at the present time.

Mr. Kelly has also given us a "History of the Church of Christ," which shows a strong dogmatic interest as well as considerable ability in handling the theological issues involved in the controversies of the ancient Church. Volume II. is before us, covering the period from 324 to 430 A.D. The great struggle with Arianism is treated in Part I., while Part II., entitled "The Close of the Fourth Century," deals largely with the Western Church. Here we cannot help noting it as an oversight that no mention is made of the very important contribution of St. Augustine to the ecclesiastical doctrine of the Holy Trinity. We have observed several typographical errors: p. 47, line 6, "5th" for "4th;" p. 113, Tertullian; p. 131, line 11, "its" for "their;" and a little below, "Eastern" for "Easterns." On p. 91 occurs an instance of colloquialism—"they got him out," meaning "they had him (Hilary of Poitiers) ejected from his see."

Two recent volumes of "The Oxford Library of Practical Theology" have come to hand. In "Christian Tradition" Rev. Leighton Pullan treats in a scholarly fashion the leading institutions of historic and catholic Christianity. Among the subjects discussed are "The New Testament of Jesus Christ" (the *written* apostolic tradition), "The Creeds," "Apostolical Succession," "Liturgies," Penitence in the Early Church," etc. The author's standpoint is that of a decided high-churchman, but the historical material is treated with candor as well as thoroughness. To those who are attracted by the study of ecclesiastical institutions the book may be commended as presenting in a concise form a great deal of valuable information.

In "Sunday" the Rev. W. B. Trevelyan treats of one of the distinctive institutions of historic Christianity; considering, first, the record of Sunday observance from apostolic times to the present day; and, second, the principles and aims of this

observance. The conclusion at which he arrives, after discussing various theories as to the origin and sanction of the religious observance of the first day of the week, is that the Lord's day is of apostolic authority—i. e., "of very high authority indeed; we only may not say the highest, because we have no express command of God ordaining the observance of the first day of the week."

"God and the Individual" is the title given to a collection of four very valuable addresses delivered by the Dean of Christ Church College, Oxford (Dr. T. B. Strong), in St. Asaph's Cathedral to the clergy of that diocese. They present a careful study of the philosophic theories of individualism in their bearing upon the conception of the Christian Church. The preface contains a searching criticism of Prof. James's "Varieties of Religious Experience," recently reviewed in these pages; a book which, as Dr. Strong holds, proceeds on an extreme theory of individualism as applied to religion. This little volume will repay careful perusal.

"Gospel Records Interpreted by Human Experience" is the outcome of wide reading, and is marked (if we may say so) by a considerable degree of spiritual insight as well as beauty. We cannot, however, accept the author's principle that spiritual things are to be *scientifically* discerned. The danger in the application of such a principle is, we are persuaded, that what is specifically Christian will be evaporated into a so-called "religion of science," of which the determining factor will be not revelation, but human thought and speculation.

"The Glory of the Cross," by Rev. John Wakeford, B.D., is, as its title might indicate, a series of meditations upon the death of Christ. Its tone is reverent and its matter edifying.

"Pastoral Visitation," by the Rev. H. E. Savage, a recent volume in the series of "Handbooks for the Clergy," is full of practical suggestions to clergymen in regard to an important branch of their work.

In "The Church of England" we find a statement of the position of the Anglican communion, with special reference to Romanizing tendencies on the part of some of its members. The joint authors are the Rev. W. C. E. Newbolt,

Canon of St. Paul's, and the Rev. Darwell Stone—the two editors of “The Oxford Library of Practical Theology.” The sound principle laid down is that “even though at the Reformation many things may have been lost which we . . . would have wished to retain, still it is not open to an individual or individuals to reclaim these things by private enterprise.”

The aim of “The Invocation of Saints,” by the second of the authors of the above pamphlet, is to show that “the Church of England left open the “lawfulness and expediency of that limited form of invocation (in private devotion, that is, as distinguished from public worship) which asks the saints for the help of their prayers.”

W. S. BISHOP.

“WHY THE MIND HAS A BODY.”

Prof. Strong's “Why the Mind Has a Body” records a protest against materialism on one hand and phenomenalism on the other. The greater amount of emphasis which he lays on the second shows which form of theory he thinks most in need of opposition. His argument is largely metaphysical, and at points invites controversy. For this part of the discussion the distinction between things-in-themselves and events-in-themselves has special significance.

Things-in-themselves, he tells us, and events-in-themselves are the realities symbolized by the phenomena known to us as objects and physical processes, and that particular physical process which we call brain-action symbolizes the reality which we call consciousness. So far, good; but let us see whether we are to call this reality a thing-in-itself or an event-in-itself. Prof. Strong uses the former term. But suppose for a moment that we have before us a dead brain, possessing no consciousness whatever. Since it is a phenomenon in our experience, it must be symbolic of a thing-in-itself, or a combination of things-in-themselves, existing as a reality; and since on Prof. Strong's hypothesis the chain of realities is, like the chain of phenomena, a “locked system,” correspond-

ing with this latter link by link, it follows that no new reality or thing-in-itself can be introduced into the one because the law of conservation of matter demonstrates that nothing can be added to the other. But now suppose that we are able by galvanism or other methods to set up in that dead brain the process symbolic of consciousness—which means, of course, only that the things-in-themselves corresponding to our apparatus are acting on the things-in-themselves corresponding to the combination of phenomenal matter which we call the brain. Consciousness is at once added to the world of realities. As a thing-in-itself or an event-in-itself? If the former, what becomes of the parallelism? If the latter, it is difficult to see the exact place of consciousness in an evolutionary series whose lower members are things-in-themselves, symbolized in our phenomenal order by objects and never by events.

Again, take those cases when a part of consciousness is destroyed by the removal of part of the cortex. In the phenomenal world the alteration is only one of position; what does it amount to in the real world? Either the chain of things-in-themselves has lost a link, without any corresponding diminution in the sum total of phenomenal matter, or else consciousness is not a thing-in-itself, but bears the same relation to things-in-themselves that brain-activity does to brain-matter, which conclusion seems not to be just the one at which Prof. Strong would have us arrive.

But these obscurities will probably be made clear in the other book, in which Prof. Strong promises to continue the subject. Even in that case, however, a last word, applying not to any one point of his theory but to its bearing as a whole, would not be irrelevant. That the "non-rational leap" must inevitably have a place in any theory designed to be ultimate, few would be disposed to deny, and the vigor and courage necessary to the making of such an important one as we find Prof. Strong ready for, no one could refuse to admire; but one may still question at what point of an inquiry that leap becomes legitimate, and one may be pardoned for answering, "*After* the facts have been followed out to their uttermost

logical conclusion." One feels that the empirical order should be transcended only after being completed in terms of empiricism. The physiological psychologist who discards scientific weights and measures before he has applied them rigidly to every datum of the case, and stated the result in scientific terms, seems to make his leap to the indemonstrable too soon—too soon (as in Prof. Strong's case) because its result is likely to be his entanglement in some such scientific-metaphysical paradox as that already noted concerning consciousness as a thing-in-itself.

The late Charles Carroll Everett, in one of his essays, said that the solution of any problem must be sought at the point of greatest difficulty; and that point, in the present inquiry, is the ultimate relation of mind and body. Prof. Strong has sought to do away with the break which most of us find at the end of the scientific argument by finding a number of (presumably) smaller breaks in the course of it. The psychological soundness of the process by which he finds the transcendent in the empirical (in the cases of memory, perception, and the cognition of other minds) is perhaps open to question; but, aside from that possibility, he appears to have changed only the position of the point of difficulty. The man who, dissatisfied with scientific reasons, would transcend them, finds himself trying to span a crevasse with a rope that is too short; to bridge the gulf, it must be pieced out with metaphysics, faith, what not. The adventurer trusts himself to a support whose one end is fast to facts, whose other, knit of the non-rational, holds to what he would have for facts. One sometimes sees a second method tried: to make the great gap less, the rope is lengthened here and there by cutting, and the insertion of a piece of faith, metaphysics, what not; but one doubts whether your bridge is any the stronger, and meanwhile—you have spoiled your rope.

C. A. HARDY.

NOTES.

IN its initial number, more than ten years ago, the REVIEW published an appreciative notice of Walter Besant's "London," which had then just appeared in book form, after running as a serial in a popular magazine. That work proves now to have been merely a diversion of its gifted author, who was even then contemplating a far more serious survey of the great city, which he regarded as his *magnum opus*, and by which he most desired to be remembered by posterity. In this great work he secured the coöperation of certain experts in different departments of city life, but reserved for his own pen the general history of the city. Upon his part of the work he had expended more than five years of continuous labor and the active research of half a lifetime, and happily he had practically completed it at the time of his lamented death, in June, 1901. That portion relating to the Eighteenth Century has been selected for immediate publication, and under the title of "London in the Eighteenth Century" (London, Adam and Charles Black; New York, The Macmillan Co.), now appears in a sumptuous quarto volume of more than 600 pages. The characteristic ideas of the eighteenth century really began with the accession of George I. in 1714, and continued to prevail until the Georgian era gave place to the Victorian. Hence Sir Walter makes his eighteenth century conclude with the year 1837. He has not given us a detailed history of the city during this period, but he has made himself a delightful guide through the city of those times, giving us pictures of the citizen in his home, of the places of amusement and their habitués, of the courts and prisons and the people who frequented them. In his illustrations he has drawn largely on Hogarth, and, as might be expected of one of the authors of "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," he has given especial attention to the sociological phases of his subject.

In "The Roll Call of Westminster Abbey" (The Macmillan Company), Mrs. A. Murray Smith, who, as Miss E. T.

Bradley, some years ago wrote "Annals of Westminster Abbey" and "The Deanery Guide to Westminster," now gives a more comprehensive volume than the "Deanery Guide" yet less bulky than Stanley's "Memorials" or her own "Annals." It is a series of biographical sketches of the notables buried or commemorated within the Abbey precincts, and is therefore more a history of England than of the Abbey. It is an attractive addition to the literature of London's great Abbey, and the five ground plans folded within its cover make it valuable as a guidebook. It is pleasing to note that the full-page illustrations are taken from new photographs, and the blue and gold of the cover correspond to the colors with which the Abbey was draped at the coronation of King Edward VII.

It is a standing question how far the early discarded works of a prominent writer should be disinterred and given afresh to the public. In a collected edition of the author's works where the brand "Juvenilia" is carefully impressed and the greater and more characteristic work is present for comparison in companion volumes, very little harm is done, and a sense of completeness is attained for the benefit of the historical and critical student. When published, however, independently in a detached volume, possibly even against the wishes of the author, where the main interest is necessarily the name attached and not the content, the objections may be serious. And this may fairly be said of the "Early Prose Writings of Jame Russell Lowell, with a Prefatory Note by Dr. Hale, and an Introduction by Walter Littlefield" (John Lane). They comprise ten essays and sketches, eight of which appeared in the pages of the Boston *Miscellany* and two in the short-lived *Pioneer* which Lowell himself edited. They show the enthusiasms—and extravagancies—of theory and literary practice of a young man of wide reading, fine imagination, and high ideals; but they are largely flamboyant. This is particularly true of the essays on the "Elizabethan Dramatists," rejected by their author later, when he substituted others for his lectures and his works.

Dr. Hale's introduction is brief and Mr. Littlefield's essay is enthusiastic, but the reward to our information is meager. The editor's excuse is that these early writings are of interest as the first fruits and pledges of the man of letters; and that if they add nothing to Lowell's fame, they also do not detract anything. The exterior book-making is excellent.

Mr. W. E. Henley, poet, dramatist, critic, and miscellaneous writer, has collected in a volume his "Views and Reviews: Essays in Appreciation" (Scribner's) relating to Art—a companion volume to the one pertaining to Literature. Many of these Views and Reviews of art history and artists are mere notes, some even mere impressions, while others have greater value. The little volume is chiefly interesting as a reference book, is useful for looking up an individual opinion of an artist that one may chance to be interested in; but it is hardly interesting as a whole, certainly in the detached nature of its content not satisfying, and not always illuminating. It is an expression of Mr. Henley's personal opinions and theories and pet hobbies, and nowhere more than in the last bit of writing on R. A. M. Stevenson—"Bob."

Dr. Charles Waldstein's lecture, delivered at the Theater Royal, Cambridge, England, August 2, 1902, under the title "The Achievements of Art in the Nineteenth Century," when published under the title "Art in the Nineteenth Century" (Macmillan Company), proves a very successful experiment in converting a spoken lecture into an essay intended to be read, while preserving as far as possible its character as a lecture. The lecturer's creed is that the term art is not to be limited in its application, as in England, to painting and sculpture, perhaps including also architecture; but includes the literary arts, music, and the decorative arts as well; and that the nineteenth century was an age of expansion in art. He shows this expansion to have been both in the subject-matter of art, and in the mode and vehicle of artistic ex-

pression. Very wisely was this lecture chosen as an introduction to a course of lectures before the students of the Cambridge University Extension Syndicate; very wisely has it been chosen (if such be the case) as the initial volume of a series of handbooks upon the subjects of the twenty-five lectures delivered in that course, all relating to the century which has but recently closed.

Two contributions to the series of "Stories of Missions" (Fleming H. Revell Company), are "Korean Sketches," by the Rev. James S. Gale, B.A., of the American Presbyterian Mission, Wönsan, Korea, and "The Transformation of Hawaii," by Belle M. Brain. The latter is "Told for Young Folks," and deals very inadequately with the history of Hawaii, religiously or politically. This is due, to the limitations placed upon the author by the youthful class of readers she has had in view. But "Korean Sketches" is deserving of a wide reading, for it is full of information of a country of which comparatively little is known, and the information is conveyed to the reader in a most pleasing manner. The Rev. Mr. Gale has what is very necessary in an author, and what we believe to be absolutely indispensable to a successful missionary career—viz., a keen sense of humor. A right sense of proportion (which is necessarily included in the other sense) enables him to take a broader view of his subject than that of the professional missionary, and the modesty with which his missionary experiences are related dispose us to a higher regard for the missionary work that has been done and is being done in Korea than we should otherwise have.

A very valuable book on "English Verse—Specimens Illustrating Its Principles and History"—by Dr. Raymond M. Alden has just been issued in the English Readings Series published by Henry Holt and Company, New York. It gives in convenient form a large amount of material which

would have to be sought in almost numberless books. The whole field of English poetics is covered in an adequate way either by concrete illustrations or by references to authorities. No teacher of English who pretends to give a course on poetics can afford to be without this handbook. Some idea of the scope of the work may be gained from a partial outline of the chapters.

Under accent and time are discussed and illustrated kinds of accent, time intervals, regular and irregular, and silent or pause intervals. Under the chapter headed "The Foot and the Verse" are illustrations with comment of iambic, trochaic, anapestic and dactylic verses from one to eight stresses with various combinations and substitutions. Under the discussion of the stanzas are given illustrations of every typical form from the couplet to the complex lyrical measures characteristic of the period of French influence in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. Under tone quality are many examples of alliteration (organic), assonance, and rime of various kinds. The historical development of many of these elements is succinctly stated and an absence of dogmatic statement is characteristic of the interpolated comments. Part Two treats of four-stress verse as nonsyllable-counting and syllable-counting; five-stress verse in the Decasyllabic Couplet and in blank verse; six-stress verse and seven-stress verse in the Alexandrine, Septenary, and the "Poulter's Measure." The Sonnet and the Ode are given special treatment, as also are the imitations of classical meters and imitations of artificial French lyrical forms. Part three is devoted to a notably sane treatment of the mooted question of the time element in English verse. In Part Four are quotations from authorities from Aristotle to Prof. Gummere on the place and function of the metrical element in poetry.

This outline will hardly give an idea of the richness and quality of the illustrations nor of the suggestiveness and sanity of the comments. The whole work is done on scholarly and scientific principles. The book fills a long-felt want and will doubtless become a standard class room reference book.